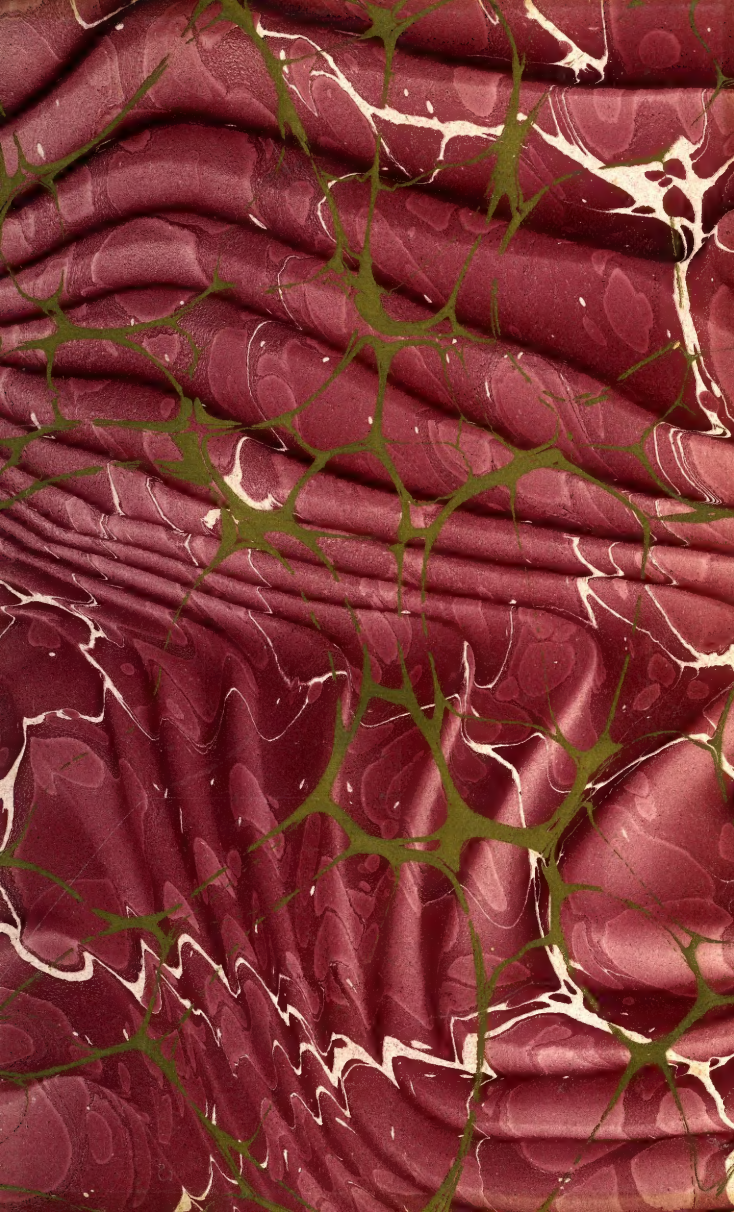
Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.



Study B.T.

COACH DRIVES

FROM

LONDON.

From a Photograph by H. BALL, 17, *Regent Street.*

BY

BERNARD HOUNSELL

("BENEDICK" OF THE "SPORTSMAN").

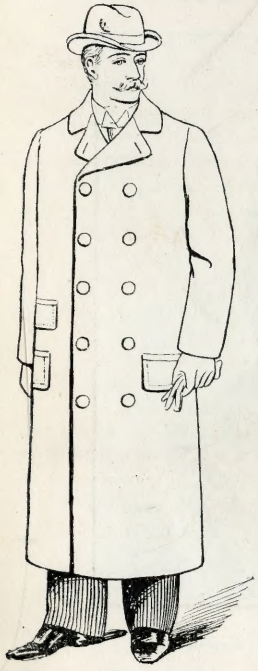
LONDON: "THE ROAD" OFFICE, 50, STRAND, W.C.

[*Second Edition.*]

J. W. ELVERY & CO.,

WATERPROOFERS.

Gentlemen's Coats, Ladies' Coats and Mantles. Driving Rugs of every description. Selby Coats, Coachmen's Coats, Coachmen's Aprons, etc., etc.



Gentleman's Driving Coat.

Lady's Driving Coat.

31, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

(One door from New Bond Street.)

ALSO AT

46, Lower Sackville St., and 18½, Nassau St., DUBLIN.

78, Patrick Street, CORK.

PREFACE.

FROM the experience of many years of Road Coaching, gained chiefly with those coaches running out of London, the Author has found that a very large majority of the passengers carried are visitors to our great Metropolis, who, anxious to see the many beauties of our home counties, and, perhaps, equally bent upon having a drive upon a well-appointed four-in-hand coach, select this charming mode of taking a pleasant day's trip in the country. Their pleasure is, however, undoubtedly lessened by their want of any sort of knowledge of the road they are travelling, and thus many places of interest are passed unnoticed, and it is, perhaps, only when they are once more nearing London they hear, by chance, that some spot which they particularly wished to see has escaped their notice altogether. In placing this little work before them, the Author craves the indulgence of his readers for the somewhat brief manner in which the various routes are treated, but his endeavour has been to mention all *special* features of each drive, such as would be likely to appeal most forcibly to the enquiring mind of the traveller, and so to render the passenger more "at home" than he otherwise would be when he takes his seat.

Many of the coaches, too, are owned and driven by well-known gentlemen and coachmen, whose identity has hitherto been frequently lost to passengers, whilst each coach has certain peculiarities of its own, with which it must be of interest to the visitor to be familiar from the very commencement of the journey. In the olden days, before railways were so universal as they now are, coaching journeys were attended by many discomforts, but were undertaken because they were the only means of making lengthened peregrinations, whereas now they are simply pleasure trips, and it becomes necessary to study the comfort of passengers in every possible way.

The coaches themselves are built by the leading coach-builders in London, whilst the horses, which are frequently well-known hunters, are vastly superior to anything dreamt of by our forefathers, and generally make very high prices when sold off as a stud, at the end of the season, at Aldridge's famous sale-yard in St. Martin's Lane, or Tattersall's at Albert Gate.

The length of the drives is, as a rule, limited to about three hours each way, rattled off at a pace of ten or eleven miles an hour; but there is a growing tendency to extend these trips to about double the distance, in which case the return journey is made on alternate days.

In spite of the interest taken by the public in Road Coaching, it seems remarkable that until *The Road* newspaper made its appearance, there was absolutely no organ making this sport its speciality.

Many of the drives are very graphically described in the leading sporting papers; but, as it is impossible to treat of more than one at a time in this manner, some of the coaches are not mentioned until so late in the season that visitors derive little or no benefit from the information given in many of these articles.

"COACH DRIVES FROM LONDON" is intended to supply this deficiency in such a manner that the reader shall be able to determine, at a glance, which coach he would prefer to patronise; and also to ensure that he shall, in starting, feel that he is not quite a stranger to the owner, driver, guard, and route.

If the Author has succeeded in this, his chief object in penning these lines has been attained, and he trusts also that of promoting still more the ever-increasing popularity of Road Coaching.

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BOXHILL AND LONDON.

THE "ROCKET" coach leaves the "HOTEL VICTORIA," London, DAILY, at 11 A.M. (Sundays excepted), for the "BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL," BOXHILL (Dorking), *viâ* HAMMERSMITH, BARNES, ROEHAMPTON, KINGSTON, SURBITON, EWELL, EPSOM, and LEATHERHEAD. Returning at 4 P.M., and arriving at 7 P.M. Distance, 27 miles.

Proprietor and Coachman—E. K. FOWNES.
Guard—E. TAYLOR.

TIME.	*Leaving—*	FARES. s.	d.
11. 0	Northumberland Avenue, "Hôtel Victoria."		
11.10	Piccadilly (155), "Old White Horse Cellars."		
11.20	"Bailey's Hotel," Gloucester Road, S.W.		
11.40	Barnes	1	6
12. 0	*Roehampton, "King's Head	2	6
12.30	*Kingston, "King's Arms"	4	6
12.40	Surbiton	5	0
1. 5	Ewell, "Spring Hotel"	7	0
1.15	*Epsom, "Marquis of Granby"	7	6
1.25	Ashtead	8	0
1.40	Leatherhead, "The Swan"	9	0
1.55	Mickleham	9	6
2. 0	Dorking, "Burford Bridge Hotel"	10	0
	Returning from—		
4. 0	Dorking, "Burford Bridge Hotel"		
4. 5	Mickleham	1	0
4.20	Leatherhead, "The Swan"	1	6
4.35	Ashtead	2	0
4.45	*Epsom, "The Marquis of Granby"	3	0
4.55	Ewell, "Spring Hotel"	3	6
5.20	Surbiton	5	0
5.30	*Kingston, "King's Arms"	5	6
6. 0	*Roehampton, "King's Head"	7	6
6.20	Barnes	8	6
6.40	"Bailey's Hotel," Gloucester Road, S.W.	10	0
6.50	Piccadilly (155), "Old White Horse Cellars"		
7. 0	Northumberland Avenue, "Hôtel Victoria"		

* Change horses.

Return Fare, 15s.; Single, 10s.; Box seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.
The whole of the Coach to "Burford Bridge Hotel" and back, £8 8s.
Places can be secured at Coach Booking Office, "Hôtel Victoria," Northumberland Avenue.

Coach built by Shanks.

THE name of the "Rocket" Coach is, perhaps, more familiarly associated with the Colchester road than with that to Burford Bridge or Dorking, as from 1889 to 1891 it was run to the cavalry town by Mr. W. H. Mackenzie, with E. K. Fownes as manager and coachman, whilst since 1874 the road at present under notice was travelled by the "Perseverance" Coach, the property of the late Mr. W. Sheather, with Lord Willoughby de Eresby (then Lord Aveland) as one of its chief supporters, the brief history of which is as follows:—For three years Mr. Johnson was a subscriber, and for two years Colonel Williams was also interested in its welfare; in 1883 Sir Thomas Peyton joined the little band, while a year later Mr. H. Mundey took his turn on the box. In 1882 Mr. J. Bolding became a subscriber, and in 1886, at Mr. Sheather's death, succeeded to the road as the oldest subscriber, being joined by Mr. H. Withers; while three years later Mr. C. Sheather, and subsequently Mr. Fetherstonhaugh and Mr. Nunn joined the syndicate. The coach was then driven out of London by way of Vauxhall, Clapham Common, Balham, and Tooting; but when Mr. Bolding became proprietor, in conjunction with Mr. Withers and Mr. C. Sheather in 1886, the route was altered from London to Ewell, the prettier way *viâ* Hammersmith, Barnes Common, Roehampton, Kingston, and Surbiton being followed. This made an addition of some four miles to the journey, and consequently necessitated the addition of an extra team

of horses, and the coach has ever since been worked by seven teams. This year (1892) Mr. Henry Withers has temporarily retired from the coaching world, and Mr. Bolding thereupon decided to put on a coach to the "Burford Bridge Hotel," which, although near the parish of Dorking, is really about a mile away from the ancient Surrey town. It is, however, a charming spot, situated under the famous Box Hill. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh and Mr. Nunn joined him, but they decided not to run the "Perseverance," making arrangements with E. K. Fownes to put the "Rocket" on the old road. The road, which has always been famous for the excellence of the horses running in the coach, still maintains its character for such, but as long ago as 1886 Mr. Bolding made a new departure at the annual sale by warranting every animal to answer the description given in the catalogue, a system which proved very successful, and for the past six years the big average of £75 has been the result. That the Dorking road has for many years been a favourite with coaching men may be gathered from the fact that in 1862, when the railway drove the Brighton stage (the last of the stage coaches) off the road, and when the first revival took place, this was the first road selected, a coach being put on by the late Mr. W. H. Cooper, who had with him Colonel Withington, Mr. Charles Hoare, Colonel Stracey-Clithero, and the late Mr. Chandos-Pole. From that date coaching has gradually increased in popularity, although the sport has had its ups and downs, in 1880 only five roads being occupied—namely, the Guildford, Dorking, Virginia Water, Bentley Priory, and St. Albans. When the coaches were driven from the

famous "White Horse Cellars" at Hatchett's Hotel, the Dorking Coach, in company with the Guildford, selected the "Old White Horse Cellars," Piccadilly, as its starting-point; this year, however, it has migrated to the Northumberland Avenue, but will call at the old booking-offices to pick up and set down passengers as usual.

Starting on its journey, the "Rocket" now passes CHARING CROSS, and pursuing its way along PALL MALL and St. James's Street enters Piccadilly, arriving at the old booking office at 11.10 (the time at which the "Perseverance" always left). From here it proceeds down Piccadilly to HYDE PARK CORNER, then along KNIGHTSBRIDGE and the Brompton Road, past the ORATORY and along the Cromwell Road, past the handsome block of buildings comprising the NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM and the new IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. The coach now calls at "Bailey's Hotel," Gloucester Road, at the special request of many passengers who stay at this hotel during the season, and wish to go for a coach drive without the long journey to and from Northumberland Avenue morning and evening. From here the coach continues its way along the Cromwell Road, reaching the main Kensington and Hammersmith Road *viâ* WARWICK GARDENS. After passing the railway bridge at Addison Road, we come to the large building OLYMPIA, on the right. On the left hand are the ST. PAUL SCHOOLS, one of the finest examples of Mr. Waterhouse's architecture. Passing over Hammersmith Bridge, we get fairly into the country, leaving the RANELAGH CLUB on our left, and observing the LYRIC CLUB (late Sporting and Dramatic Club) in the distance. Here we traverse

BARNES COMMON, and crossing the main road from Putney to Richmond enter ROEHAMPTON LANE, one of the prettiest roads near town. On the right-hand side of this lane is the CONVENT of the SACRED HEART, with its beautiful grounds. Leaving this behind, we find ourselves at the "King's Head," ROEHAMPTON, where we make our first change.

Passing through the village of Roehampton, we come to KINGSTON VALE, with a beautiful view of RICHMOND PARK and the Robin Hood Gate on our right. Mounting KINGSTON HILL, the residence and grounds of Lord Dunraven are on the left hand, adjoining which is Mr. Vyner's place. On arriving at the summit of this hill, we come to the beautiful Nursery Grounds of Messrs. Veitch, whence there is a most lovely view over Surrey and Sussex, this being the highest point for many miles round. NORBITON is then reached, and soon after the next change of horses is made at the "King's Arms," Kingston (see Guildford coach). This stage being a very short one, the same team takes the coach back in the evening.

Leaving Kingston by way of the market place, the river Thames is followed to Surbiton, a steep ascent bringing us to the top of SURBITON HILL, where a fine view of Sandown Park racecourse is obtained. From here we have a very pretty road through TOLWORTH to Ewell, leaving Worcester Park on our left, and here we get the first view of EPSOM DOWNS and the Grand Stand. In passing the remains of the Old Powder Mills at Ewell, one is attracted by the residence of the late Sir Joseph Hawley, with its beautiful grounds, which is now the property of Sir James

McCulloch. At this point we come into the old road the coach used to run, being the main road from London to Epsom through Clapham. Passing through the village of EWELL, we soon find ourselves in the town of EPSOM, where our last change of horses awaits us at the old Coaching House, the "Marquis of Granby." Anyone who has only seen this quiet old town on days of race meetings will be much surprised by the great change in the place, and if it were not for encountering a few of the well-known trainers or jockeys, no one would imagine that it could be the same place in which he was knocked about so on the last Derby or Oaks day.

From Epsom the road takes us near THE DURDANS, Lord Rosebery's beautiful training establishment, and then following a long hill we gain EPSOM COMMON, coming in due course to the pretty village of ASHTEAD. ASHTEAD PARK is the property of Mr. Ralli; it was formerly owned by Lady Diana Howard, and subsequently by Sir Thomas Lucas. Passing the village of Ashtead, one is attracted by the perfectly kept garden adjoining the POLO GROUNDS of Mr. Peat. Here we have a mile of beautiful road with a double fence on each side, which brings us into the lovely old-fashioned town of LEATHERHEAD. Before turning to the left at the end of the town we pull up at the "The Swan" to rinse out the horses' mouths. On leaving here we pass the old church, which is one of the few remaining relics of the fourteenth century. From the top of the next hill we have one of the most beautiful four-mile drives in England, and many distinguished travellers have remarked that "it is the prettiest four miles of country in the world." At the foot of the hill leading out

of Leatherhead, we get the first peep of the river MOLE. On the right is NORBURY PARK, a beautiful estate of some thousand acres, the fine old mansion on the hill being discernible in the distance. MICKLEHAM, the village we are now nearing, is the proud possessor of the oldest church in Surrey, adjoining which is JUNIPER HALL, the residence of Mr. Bryant. The pretty old house in the bottom is THE CEDARS, belonging to Mrs. McAndrew, and here some of the finest cedars in the country are to be seen ; in the grounds an avenue has been cleared in the wood to the summit of the hill, on which stands a stone tower. The legends say that in years gone by a certain Frenchman, named Major Labellière, lived at The Cedars, who, on being told the world would one day be turned upside down, expressed a wish that should he die before this happened he should be buried on the summit of Boxhill on his head, so that when topsy-turvydom did come he should be landed on his feet. Mounting the hill before us the sight of BOX-HILL suggests the near approach of our journey's end, and in a few minutes we pull up at the charming little hostelry known far and wide as the "BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL." Here luncheon awaits us and after doing justice to a good meal, we have over an hour to look around the most beautiful part of Surrey and the lovely garden at the back of the hotel, which for natural grandeur cannot be equalled.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL. (See page 107.)

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

THE "COMET" coach leaves the "HOTEL VICTORIA," Northumberland Avenue, LONDON, at 11 A.M., every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, for the "OLD SHIP HOTEL," BRIGHTON, *viâ* STREATHAM, CROYDON, RED HILL, HORLEY, CRAWLEY, HAND CROSS, ALBOURNE, and PRESTON. Returning on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Distance, 53 miles.

Proprietor—Mr. STEWART FREEMAN.

Coachman—W. WRAGG. Guard—STANLEY CAVE.

TIME TABLE.

TIME.		MILES.	FARES. s.	d.
11. 0	London, "Hôtel Victoria."			
11.40	†Streatham, "Horse and Groom"	6	2	0
12. 5	†West Croydon, "Fox & Hounds"	9	2	6
12.25	*Purley, "Windsor Castle"	13	4	0
1. 0	†*Merstham, "The Feathers"	18	5	6
1.10	†Red Hill, "Queen's Arms"	20	6	6
1.40 arr.	†*Horley, "Chequers,"	25	7	6
2.10 dep.	(30 minutes for Luncheon)			
2.40	†Crawley, "The George"	30	9	0
3. 5	*Hand Cross, "Red Lion"	34	10	0
3.30	Bolney, "Queen's Head"	38	11	0
4. 0	*Albourne (Tea), "King's Head"	43	12	6
4.20	Pyecombe, "The Plough"	47	13	6
5. 0	Brighton, "Old Ship"	53	15	0
	Return—			
12. 0	Brighton, "Old Ship."			
12.40	Pyecombe "The Plough"	6	1	6
1. 0	*Albourne, "King's Head"	10	2	6
1.30	Bolney, "Queen's Head"	15	4	0
2. 0	*Hand Cross, "Red Lion"	19	5	0
2.20	†Crawley, "The George"	23	6	0
2.50 *arr.*	†*Horley, "Chequers,"	28	7	6
3.20 *dep.*	(30 minutes for Luncheon)			
3.50	†Red Hill, "Queen's Arms"	33	8	6
4. 0	†*Merstham, "The Feathers"	35	9	0
4.40	*Purley, "Windsor Castle"	41	11	0
5. 0	†West Croydon, "Fox & Hounds"	44	12	6
5.20	†*Streatham, "Horse and Groom"	47	13	0
6. 0	London, "Hôtel Victoria"	53	15	0

* Change Horses. † Near Railway Station.

Single Fares—Inside, 10s.; Outside, 15s.; Box seat, 20s.

Coach built by Shanks.

TO MR. STEWART FREEMAN, of St. Martin's Lane renown, must be awarded the credit of re-establishing the London and Brighton Coach as long ago as 1875. With a strength of thirty-three horses, and with the aid of that redoubtable coachman, Thoroughgood, he put the "Comet" on the road, which was at once made famous by the "Age" and the Duke of Beaufort. The season of 1875 was a comparatively short one, being fifteen weeks and three days only, the route being *viâ* Sutton, Reigate, Crawley, Hand Cross, Bolney, Patcham, and Preston, at which places, amongst others, tolls had to be paid; but the success was so pronounced that in the following year Mr. Freeman again worked the road, carrying no less than 1,000 passengers. In 1878 Mr. Freeman was joined by that staunch supporter of coaching, Colonel Clitherow, and they then worked forty horses, making five changes. The following year saw Mr. Chandos Pole as a partner to these two gentlemen, and, with the addition of eleven more horses and three extra changes, the prospects of the "Comet" looked rosier than ever. Encouraged by this success, they determined in 1880 to put on two coaches, which left London and Brighton daily at the same time, meeting half way, and although this necessitated the very large stud of a hundred horses, the venture met with every anticipated success, and the list of partners was extended to five, namely, Mr. Craven Colonel Clitherow, Captain Stracey, Lord Lennox, and, of course, Mr. Freeman, the season lasting from 26th June to 9th November. The following year, however

matters were allowed to lapse temporarily, and it was not till 1882 that the coach was again put on the road by Mr. Freeman and Baron Oppenheim, when it was worked on similar lines to that of the year just mentioned. In 1883 Colonel Clitherow once more threw in his lot with the coach, but then they ran on alternate days only, using but one coach, and during the next three years matters were practically at a standstill, so far as the Brighton Road was concerned, Mr. Freeman putting a coach on the Windsor Road in 1886. Since then, however, the "Comet" has worked the old road without intermission, Mr. Freeman being assisted periodically in the meantime by Mr. A. McAdam, Mr. H. L. Beckett, Colonel Clitherow, Captain Stracey, Lord Wiltshire, Mr. Hugh McCalmont, Hon. H. Sandys, Mr. W. H. McKenzie, and Sir J. Poynder. During the season of 1889-90, a winter coach was kept on the road by Mr. McKenzie, Mr. McCalmont, Colonel Clitherow, Captain Stracey, and Mr. Freeman, but last year Colonel Clitherow, Sir J. Poynder, and Mr. Freeman were the joint proprietors, and they carried the very large number of 1,446 passengers, to say nothing of tons of luggage, the route being *viâ* Croydon, Merstham, Horley, Hand Cross, and Patcham. W. Wragg was the coachman, and Stanley Cave the guard. It was not until within the last few years that the proprietors of this coach used their own horses, they being content, as a rule, to contract for the supply; finding, however, that other proprietors were getting ahead of them in this respect, they wisely discarded this mode of horsing their coach, and bought their own cattle, with the result that at the end of the season they had a nice balance for horseflesh on the right side of the book, and Aldridge's famous yard in St.

Martin's Lane (over the destinies of which Mr. Freeman presides) was full to overflowing when the sale took place.

That the "Comet" should be a universally popular coach is not to be wondered at, considering that, apart from its being thoroughly well horsed, the journey—certainly rather a long one—lies through the most picturesque parts of Surrey and Sussex, ending at our Queen of Watering Places, where there is always plenty to amuse the visitor, even if the attraction of the sea-side is not in itself sufficient to induce travellers to make this most charming trip.

The "Comet" is one of the few coaches that do not leave London *viâ* Charing Cross, making as it does direct for the THAMES EMBANKMENT, following this splendid thoroughfare to Westminster and passing *en route* the new SCOTLAND YARD. On reaching WESTMINSTER BRIDGE it bears away to the right of the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT towards WESTMINSTER ABBEY, the most famous of all English buildings, with perhaps the solitary exception of the Tower; it was originally founded in 1055 by Edward the Confessor. The Houses of Parliament consist of an immense and very handsome Tudor-Gothic building, covering nearly eight acres of ground, and cost something like £3,000,000 to build; the Clock Tower is one of the handsomest in the world, and is famous as the home of BIG BEN, as the great clock bell is called. The bell that used to be celebrated at Westminster was Great Tom, but that was removed to St. Paul's in 1699, and Big Ben, which is considerably larger, reigns in its stead. When Parliament is sitting at night, a bright

electric light shines from the top of this tower, and can be seen for many miles round. Passing between the two last-named buildings we enter Grosvenor Road, and once more follow the river to VAUXHALL BRIDGE, by which we cross into Surrey, passing Vauxhall Station and VAUXHALL PARK, which was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1890. Following the South Lambeth Road, several large factories are passed, notably that of Messrs. Brand and Co., the Mayfair purveyors, and so the roomy Clapham Road is reached. Turning to the right this is followed nearly to Clapham Station, where at the Bedford Road we bear to the left, and gain by means of cross roads CLAPHAM PARK and STREATHAM PARK, one of the most picturesque and richly-wooded of our suburban resorts. We now near STREATHAM HILL STATION, at which point the main road is joined, and a brief halt is made at the "Horse and Groom." Touching STREATHAM COMMON we soon gain NORBURY PARK, the country residence of Mr. J. W. HOBBS, the great builder and contractor, who is responsible for the erection of the magnificent "Hôtel Victoria," from which we commenced our journey. On the right is the site of the old STREATHAM RACECOURSE, for many years a favourite resort of the sporting Londoner. THORNTON HEATH, at one time the paradise of highwaymen, is quickly reached, and there, opposite the old pond at the "Wheatsheaf Hotel," we change horses, having completed a very trying nine miles.

The next stage is the longest on the journey, being eleven miles, for no change is made till Merstham is reached. CROYDON is the first place of note passed,

and it may safely be said that this is one of the most thriving towns near London. The streets are very narrow, though, and terribly cut up by tram-lines, which render it difficult travelling for a large conveyance like a coach, but once beyond the outskirts of the town, a beautiful road lies before one, and any lost time is quickly made up. About a mile further on, at CATERHAM, the road divides, that to the left being the main road to Eastbourne, travelled by the "Defiance" coach when it ran to Bellaggio. Pursuing our way along the other, we enter a charming country, the railway being our close attendant on the left. We now pass the CANE HILL, county of Surrey LUNATIC ASYLUM, and the small hamlet of HORLEY. Still continuing a gradual ascent, we reach an altitude of 450 feet, and are on the summit of the chalk hill under which is the Merstham Tunnel, and, sinking this on the southern side, enter the village of Merstham and pull up at the "Feathers Hotel," just opposite the gates of GATTON PARK, Lord Hylton's place.

With a fresh team, the mile between this and REDHILL is soon rattled off, and a wonderfully pretty entrance to the town it is. Up on the eminence to the right are the kennels of the Surrey Staghounds. A steep hill out of the town brings us to the top of EARLSWOOD COMMON, where is situated the famous clump of trees known, from their curious formation, as "the Surrey stag." A better view can be obtained of them a little further on. Turning to the left here, a glorious view of Surrey and Sussex opens in front of us as we descend the hill and enter the Burstow Vale. The large building on the left is the EARLSWOOD ASYLUM for Idiots. A long level

piece of road now lies before us, and, to use the guard's words, "we need think of nothing more till we reach the 'Chequers' at Horley." The secret of this remark is that at the celebrated "CHEQUERS HOTEL" a capital lunch is in readiness for the hungry passenger, who, if he follows the advice of one who knows, will lose no time in "setting to" immediately on the arrival of the coach. HORLEY is within a mile or so of half-way, and here, in former years, when up and down coaches were run the same day, the passengers of each used to meet and lunch together, the two coaches pulling up beneath the spreading chestnut tree in front of the hotel.

On resuming the journey the road is noticeably level and straight for a distance of some five miles, this being owing to the forethought of King George IV., who used the road a good deal, and had it specially levelled; it is, in fact, laid upon a line of huge flagstones, and so excellent is the going that it is frequently used for the decision of trotting matches, for there is not such another five miles to be found throughout England. About a mile from Horley is HORLEY COMMON, now converted into the GATWICK RACECOURSE, which was opened in 1891, and just beyond is BOVEY CROSS, the junction with ours of the main road from Reigate. LOVEL HEATH and village are next passed, and we enter Sussex before reaching the ancient village of CRAWLEY, a very favourite resort of the gay monarch to whom reference has already been made. Some of the houses here are from three to four hundred years old. Passing over the railway by means of a level crossing, we approach HOGG'S HILL, which was formerly farmed by a certain gentleman named *Gammon*,

From Photographs specially taken by Ball, 17 *Regent Street,* W

who curiously enough married only a few years ago a Miss *Bacon;* it is rumoured that he has since made famous a herd of little *trotters* in the West of England, from which it may be surmised that he is now a *Bath chap;* in any case the place still *bristles* with *swine*, and it is said they "*nose*" everything about it. A cock-horse is now attached, and the guard, mounting, has a three-mile ride up the SLAUGHAM HILL (the country folk pronounce it Slapham), on the left hand is SLAUGHAM PARK, the beautiful estate of Mr. J. Warren, bordered by an exceptionally fine hedge of box, which is at places twelve feet in width, and along which grow some splendid beech trees, notable amongst them being one from the trunk of which grows a monster oak ; it is called the SIAMESE TWIN. On the right is the former residence of Mr. Fauntleroy, banker and forger, the last man who was hanged in England for forgery. On reaching the summit of this hill we arrive at HAND CROSS, where the next change of horses is made, and at which point thirty-five miles of our journey have been completed.

Immediately on leaving Hand Cross the brow of a high hill is reached, and a beautiful panorama of quiet rural scenery, extending for miles away to the Brighton Downs, opens out, and here the first real sniff of fresh ozone is wafted to us or we are now at a height of 850 feet above the level of the sea. The road branching off to the left is that leading through Cuckfield, and is the way which both this and the "Old Times" coach formerly went. Now, however, we drop rapidly down the main road to the fertile valley below, pursuing our way straight across it to BOLNEY and so on to HICKSTEAD.

Passing along this road we get a glimpse of several historical ruins, notably SLAUGHAM CASTLE and HICKSTEAD PRIORY, after which half an hour's drive brings us to ALDBOURNE, where a few minutes are allowed in which to discuss a cup of tea, and the last team comes out to take us into Brighton.

We are now rapidly approaching the famous SOUTH-DOWNS, on which are grazed the noted Southdown sheep. These we cross by a long circuitous road. Half way round the first of these grassy hills we notice a very secluded spot, which is in itself a natural amphitheatre, and here it was that the famous pugilistic champion Tom Sayers fought his first prize battle. A little beyond this is PYECOMBE, from which point a steady and gradual descent through the deep cuttings in the Downs takes us past the kennels of the Brighton Harriers and into PRESTON, a charmingly pretty village on the outskirts of Brighton, the chief feature of which is PRESTON PARK. The High Viaduct just beyond, once passed, and we are fairly in the town of BRIGHTON, rightly termed the Queen of Watering Places. The BRIGHTON PAVILION, formerly the palace of George IV., is passed, and we spin on to the sea front just opposite the new Brighton Marine Palace and Pier which is now in course of construction, and which promises to be the finest structure of its kind in the world. Turning to the right, the KING'S ROAD is followed to the "OLD SHIP" Hotel, which is our destination, and the comforts of the inner man may be once more appreciated, the more fully perhaps after so long and enjoyable a drive.

Visitors to Brighton will find that the town is rich in places of interest and amusement. In addition to the

new pier, already alluded to, are the old Chain Pier and the West Pier, on both of which entertainments are given. The Aquarium, too, is well worth a visit, as, in addition to variety and musical entertainments being given there, it contains one of the finest collection of sea fish in England. The Theatre Royal is a very comfortable little house, in the bills of which are to be found from time to time many of the leading London companies, while those who prefer the greater freedom of the music hall will be well catered for at the Alhambra, which is equal in comfort and talent to many of the London West-end halls. Those who incline to out-of-door trips should not fail to visit the Devil's Dyke, the Downs, and Preston, while pleasant seaside drives are those to Shoreham, Rottingdean, &c. Well-appointed four-horse coaches will also be found running to Arundel, Eastbourne, and other neighbouring towns.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

DORKING AND LONDON.

THE "PERSEVERANCE" coach leaves GAZE AND SON'S Office, 4, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, LONDON, DAILY, at 11.15 A.M. (Sundays excepted), for the "WHITE HORSE HOTEL," DORKING, *viâ* WESTMINSTER, PUTNEY, KINGSTON, SURBITON, HOOK, CHESSINGTON, LEATHERHEAD, and BOX HILL. Returning at 3.15 P.M. and arriving at 6 P.M.

Distance, 26 miles.

Proprietor—MR. E. BROWN.

Coachman and Guard—ARTHUR PERRIN.

TIME.	TIME TABLE.	FARE. s.	d.
11.15	London, Gaze's Offices.		
12. 5	*Putney Heath, "The Telegraph"	2	6
12.35	*Kingston-on-Thames, "The Fighting Cocks"	4	6
12.45	Surbiton	5	0
1. 0	Hook	6	0
1.10	Chessington	6	6
1.32	*Leatherhead, "The Swan"	7	6
1.42	Mickleham	8	6
1.52	Box Hill (Burford Bridge)	9	0
2. 0	Dorking, "White Horse"	10	0
	Returning—		
3.15	Dorking, "White Horse."		
3.23	Box Hill (Burford Bridge)	1	0
3.32	Mickleham	1	0
3.45	*Leatherhead	2	0
4.10	Chessington	3	6
4.20	Hook	4	0
4.30	Surbiton	5	0
4.40	*Kingston-on-Thames, "The Fighting Cocks"	5	6
5.17	*Putney Heath, "The Telegraph"	7	6
6. 0	London, Gaze's Offices	10	0

* Change Horses.

Return Fare, 15s.; Single Fare, 10s. Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

The whole of the Coach to Box Hill or Dorking and back, £8 8s.

Coach built by Shanks.

THE PERSEVERANCE COACH, which has been on the Dorking Road ever since 1874, has this year (1892) seen its first real change, for although Lord Willoughby De Eresby, who was one of its earliest supporters, is once more connected with its welfare, as is also Mr. C. Sheather, who has been connected with the coach for many years, it is now being run on totally different lines from those adopted in former years, when Mr. Bolding and Mr. H. Withers were part proprietors of it. In the first place it is the sole property of Mr. E. Brown; the route has been altered, that now travelled by the "Rocket" being its original road; and it leaves the more central Northumberland Avenue, instead of the old starting point in Piccadilly. Nevertheless the "Perseverance" will always be a familiar object down the road, especially at those points where it touches the old spots, while Arthur Perrin, who has always occupied the guard's seat, will continue to carry the horn, and awaken the neighbourhood with its resonant sounds. The coach still has the advantage of Mr. Sheather's judgment in buying the horses, as well as his services as Veterinary Surgeon, and will no doubt at the end of the season be materially benefited thereby when the stud goes up to Tattersall's Repository to be sold by auction. The four-in-hand coach which appears on the front cover was the "Prince of Wales" (London and High Wycombe Coach), which ran in 1870. It was owned by Mr. J. Eden, and horsed by Mr. W. Sheather. The coach, which was very massive, was built by Messrs. Peters, and the artist

has made a very happy sketch, hitting off its peculiarities to a nicety. It was originally built for the late Lord Huntingtower, and was reputed to have the most comfortable driving seat of any coach ever built, probably owing to the fact that his lordship had it made from an impression, the imprint of which he himself made by sitting heavily upon a sack of flour.

Like the "Comet" (London and Brighton Coach), the "Perseverance" makes its way direct to the THAMES EMBANKMENT, discarding the popular and fashionable Piccadilly in favour of the river side, which certainly has its advantages, for the Embankment affords good going and pretty surroundings, while when occasion necessitates a bit of time can easily be made up, as the road is far less crowded than are the busy West End thoroughfares used by most of the coaches. On reaching the corner of WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, a turn is made to the right by the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, and passing WESTMINSTER ABBEY, and the ROYAL AQUARIUM (opened in 1876), Victoria Street is followed to VICTORIA STATION, the Army and Navy Stores being passed on the way. Here Buckingham Palace Road is gained, and very shortly after we pass the CHELSEA BARRACKS, in which a regiment of the Foot Guards is invariably quartered, and once more enter the Thames Embankment at the corner of VICTORIA BRIDGE. We do not, however, cross the river, but turning to the right pass the grounds of CHELSEA HOSPITAL, in which was held the famous Naval Exhibition of 1891. The Hospital was built by King Charles II., the foundation stone being laid in 1682 by the King himself, and it is supposed that it was Nell

Gwynn's influence which induced him to build this splendid hospital for old soldiers. In the dining hall and chapel are battle flags taken by the British Army in all parts of the world. On the opposite side of the river is BATTERSEA PARK, one of the most picturesque parks in London, bordering as it does on the very river's edge, and possessing a very pretty sub-tropical garden. The road is now lined with an avenue of trees, and some splendid modern built mansions face the river. At the far end of Battersea Park is the handsome ALBERT BRIDGE. Passing along CHEYNE WALK, we now once more leave the river and BATTERSEA BRIDGE, bearing to the right into the King's Road, which takes us past PARSON'S GREEN. The fashionable resort known as the HURLINGHAM CLUB lies on our left hand, the shady grounds of which extend to the water's edge. This is the headquarters and English home of Polo, matches between all the leading Polo Clubs being contested there three or four days a week during the season. We now join the end of the Fulham Road close to PUTNEY BRIDGE, by means of which we cross into Surrey, and passing through the old town mount the hill beyond to PUTNEY HEATH, where at the "Telegraph" a fresh team is in waiting to take us on our next stage.

From here to KINGSTON is a very short stage, and the road is travelled by so many of the road coaches that there is little or nothing more to be said about it than has already been done in treating with the Guildford Coach and the Windsor Coach. The large house on the right just after passing under the railway bridge belongs to Mr. "Dick" Dunn, the great bookmaker. Our next

change is made at "The Fighting Cocks," situated on the outskirts of the town.

It is rather a long stage, but withal a pretty one, from Kingston to Leatherhead. On leaving the famous old town we again touch the banks of the Thames, following its course past the swimming baths and MESSENGER'S ISLAND to SURBITON, where at the Brighton road we turn off to the left, passing under the arch of the South-Western Railway into a charming and pretty road which takes us up to HOOK. The country now becomes very wooded, and we find copses, spinneys, and woods on every side. Once on the top of TELEGRAPH HILL—so called from the old telegraph tower which still remains intact—we still have six miles between us and Leatherhead, but a glorious view over the country through which we are to pass — for we are now some fifty feet above the top of Kingston Hill — makes us feel that the journey will be all too short. Away to our left is CHESSINGTON, the church of which can be seen for many miles round, while CLAYGATE is below us on the right, together with Ruxley Hall, Lord Foley's beautiful Park. The road now passes the massive PRINCE'S COVERTS, which are considerably over five thousand acres in extent. To the right is the residence of Mr. Bryant, of the firm of Bryant and May, which is a frequent fixture of the Surrey Foxhounds, whose kennels are at Cobham, only a short distance away. Another two miles of lovely country brings us to LEATHERHEAD, where a halt is made at "The Swan," the horses being changed a little farther down the street.

From this point the old road is travelled to the end of the journey, following the windings of the RIVER MOLE almost all the way. NORBURY PARK, a lovely place on

our right hand, is well worthy of special notice, and occasionally the coach will pass through the old gates and drive through a portion of the estate, rejoining the main road at MICKLEHAM, whose church is reported to be the oldest in Surrey. The guard will also inform you that it is remarkable for another reason, namely, that no one living in the parish can be buried there. If you ask him the reason he will tell you! Following the main road, JUNIPER HALL and THE CEDARS (see Boxhill Coach) are passed, and the next halt (a brief one) is made at BURFORD BRIDGE, one of the most charming spots near London, the surrounding scenery of Box Hill reminding one more of Switzerland than England. From here the road again enters comparatively open country, and a matter of ten minutes sees us in the main street of DORKING, one of our very oldest towns, dating as it does from the time of the Romans, who are supposed to have introduced the famous five-toed breed of poultry which is still in repute. The scenery around is eminently beautiful, and some very fine estates are in close proximity, notably Deepdene, Shrub Hill, and Bletchworth Castle. An excellent lunch awaits the hungry passenger on arriving at the comfortable old "White Horse" Hotel, but if he wishes to see much of the town he must not waste time, as the coach leaves on its return journey at 3.15.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

GUILDFORD AND LONDON.

THE "NEW TIMES" coach leaves the "OLD WHITE HORSE CELLARS," 155, Piccadilly, London, DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 11 A.M., for the "ANGEL HOTEL," GUILDFORD, *viâ* PUTNEY, WIMBLEDON COMMON, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, SURBITON, ESHER, COBHAM, and RIPLEY. Returning at 4 P.M., arriving at 7 P.M.

Distance, 28 miles.

Proprietor—Mr. WALTER SHOOLBRED.

Coachman and Guard—W. SAMPSON.

TIME TABLE.

TIME.		FARES. s.	d.
11. 0	Piccadilly.		
11.10	Brompton Road.		
11.30	Putney.		
11.45	*Kingston Vale	3	6
12. 0	Coombe Hill		
12. 8	Kingston, "The Griffin"	4	6
12.32	*Esher, "The Bear"	5	6
12.55	Cobham, "The White Lion"	7	0
	Cross the River Mole.		
1.10	Wisley Heath, "The Hut"		
1.20	*Ripley, "The Talbot"	8	0
2. 0	Guildford, "The Angel Hotel"	10	0

* Change Horses.

Single Fare, 10s. Return Fare, 15s.

Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Coach built by Shanks.

To the "New Times" or Guildford coach must be accorded the honour and distinction of being the oldest at present running out of London. It was placed upon the road in 1873, by Mr. Angel, and during the past nineteen years has pursued the even tenor of its way without any change of route or time-table. The only change at all, in fact, which passengers of bygone years are likely to notice is the absence of poor Tom Thoroughgood, the guard, who, after faithfully performing his duties for seventeen years, died two years ago, and is now succeeded by W. Sampson, who bids fair to be a very capable and obliging successor. In 1875 the road and coach were taken over by Mr. W. Shoolbred, the present proprietor, who for several years had the help of Sir H. De Bathe and Major Furnival. This coach has always been noted for the quality of the cattle employed in it, and Mr. Shoolbred, who is a well-known judge of a horse, has more than once gained the distinction of obtaining the highest average of the season for his stud, when sold at the end of the summer, at Aldridge's yard, in St. Martin's Lane. When, several years ago, the famous coaching hostelry known throughout the world as Hatchett's, or the "White Horse Cellars," was sold and rebuilt in the modern style, most of the road coaches migrated to fresh quarters in Northumberland Avenue, but Mr. Shoolbred, in company with the proprietors of the Dorking coach, was loth to leave Piccadilly, and consequently made arrangements to start from the "Old White Horse Cellars," 155, Piccadilly (nearly opposite

the old quarters), and there, every day, is the "New Times" to be found, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, ready to start on its journey as the clock strikes the hour, for strict punctuality is one of the greatest features of the "New Times."

Leaving the "Bath Hotel," the coach proceeds down Piccadilly, passing the beautiful GREEN PARK on the left, and the magnificent town house of the Duke of Devonshire on the right. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL is the next point of interest on the left-hand side, and a little further on TATTERSALL'S famous sale yard, and the Barracks of the Household Cavalry looking on to Hyde Park on the right. At this point it follows the Brompton Road to the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, where it bears away to the left, and enters the Fulham Road. This is a very long thoroughfare, extending practically to PUTNEY BRIDGE, about four miles off. Some little distance down are the Cancer and other Hospitals on the left, and still further on, what is familiarly known as BROMPTON CEMETERY is found on the right, after which the road winds away to Fulham, with the well-known HURLINGHAM CLUB and the BISHOP OF LONDON'S PALACE, the latter close to the Bridge. Crossing the Thames here, which is the starting point for the University Boat Race, the passenger can see the Club Houses on the south bank, and beyond them the stately trees of Barn Elms, now the RANELAGH POLO CLUB. The Bridge, which is a very handsome one, is practically new, having been opened in 1886, and cost £240,000. The narrow street beyond is the High Street of Putney, and some little way up is the

From Photographs specially taken by Ball, 17 Regent Street, W.

new station of the South-Western Railway, after passing which a somewhat formidable hill brings the coach to WIMBLEDON COMMON, the former paradise of Volunteer crack shots. The road now bends away to the right, and a steep decline brings us to the KINGSTON VALE, with RICHMOND PARK on the right, and the new Cemetery on the left, nestling under the brow of Wimbledon Common, and here the first halt is made at Squire Goodbun's Farmhouse to change horses.

Leaving the farm, the ROBIN HOOD GATE is soon passed on the right, and a steep hill, with woods on either side, in which the nightingale is often heard during the day, brings us to the highest point 'twixt London and Guildford, whence a really splendid view of the SURREY HILLS is obtained. Here too are Veitch's famous NURSERY GARDENS, quite one of the sights of the drive. NORBITON in now close at hand, and in less than ten minutes the ancient and historic town of KINGSTON-ON-THAMES is reached, with its curious market-place and CORONATION STONE, where in the year 901 Edward the Elder was crowned, eleven years before he recaptured London from the Danes. Passing this, the road lies for some distance by the banks of the Thames, away to the right being HAMPTON COURT PALACE and the beautiful Home Park. Ravon's Eyot at SURBITON and the Reservoirs of the Chelsea and Lambeth Water Works are next passed, and then we are once more fairly in the country, the pretty little village of LONG DITTON bringing us in turn to Ditton marsh, and that aristocrat amongst racing clubs, SANDOWN PARK, from which on a clear day the stately towers of WINDSOR CASTLE may be distinctly seen.

At ESHER the second change of horses takes place at the old-fashioned hostelry, "The Bear," where Louis Philippe of France sought refuge on his escape from his native country in 1848. The huge pair of ungainly boots which stand in the hall were those worn by his postboy. After leaving "The Bear," the gates of CLAREMONT, the residence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, are passed on the left. On the right is ESHER COURT formerly occupied by Cardinal Wolsey. A very pretty bit of country now brings us to the FAIR MILE, the only level mile on the road, and one much used for the decision of trotting matches. Descending the hill, COBHAM is reached and the River Mole is crossed, just beyond which is the pretty residence of Mr. Lushington. The route now lies through some lovely pine-wood country, finally opening on to WISLEY HEATH, with its old Telegraph Tower on the left and Fox Warren far up on the hill to the right, commanding one of the most lovely views in the county. A little further on is THE HUT and fishing lake so well known to anglers and cyclists.

At RIPLEY the last change is made, from which place about thirty-five minutes' drive, through some very pretty home scenery, with constant peeps at the picturesque River Wey, sees one safely at the old-fashioned narrow-streeted town of GUILDFORD, the streets of which are still paved like an old stable yard. The "Angel Hotel," however, is replete with every modern luxury, although its surroundings are ancient, and the visitor will find the two hours allowed before the return of the coach all too short a time in which to see one half of the interesting objects to be found both in and

out of the hotel. Within, however, the Crypt, and the ancient clock in the Hall, bearing the date 1688, should not be missed. The town itself is full of interest to visitors, and they should not miss the opportunity of seeing Guildford Castle. Built in 1150, it was purchased by the Corporation in 1885, and converted into public recreation grounds in 1887, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

The environs of Guildford also afford an opportunity for pleasant recreation. There are pretty walks and drives along the windings of the River Wey, to the Hog's Back, &c., and good views from St. Catherine's Chapel, date 1317, Booker's Tower, Pewley Hill, and Warwick Bench.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

HAMPTON COURT AND LONDON.

THE "VIVID" coach leaves the "HOTEL METROPOLE," London, DAILY (Sundays included) at 11.30 A.M., for the "THAMES HOTEL," HAMPTON COURT, *viâ* PUTNEY, SHEEN, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, TEDDINGTON, and BUSHEY PARK. Returning at 4.30 P.M., and arriving at 6.15 P.M.

Distance, 16 miles.

Proprietor—ARTHUR FOWNES.

Coachman—E. DELAFORCE. Guard—E. BINGE.

TIME TABLE.

TIME. A.M.	*Leaving—*	FARES IN OR OUT. *s.*	*d.*
11.30	Hôtel Métropole.		
11.32	Grand Hotel.		
12.30	*East Sheen, "The Bull"	2	6
12.45	Richmond	3	0
1.20	Hampton Court, "Thames Hotel"	5	0
P.M.	*Returning from—*		
4.30	Hampton Court, "Thames Hotel."		
5. 5	Richmond	2	0
5 15	*East Sheen, "The Bull"	2	6
6.15	Grand Hotel and Hôtel Métropole	5	0

* Change Horses here.

Single Fare, 5s.; Return Fare, 10s.

Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Coach built by Shanks.

From Photographs specially taken by Ball, 17 Regent Street, W.

BEING a son of that famous coachman Edwin Fownes, known to one and all in the coaching world as "Father," it was only natural that Arthur Fownes should show decided tastes and an inborn desire to follow in his illustrious parent's footsteps. It was not, therefore, at all surprising that on leaving the family nest he should place to good account the early tuition he had received in driving four horses, for he had already been driving various coaches (the "Vivid," or as it was then called the "Rapid," amongst the number) for his father. Accordingly he took over the Hampton Court road, starting in the winter of 1888 as proprietor of the "Vivid." The journey is a comparatively short one, as coach drives go, but the road had many charms for the passengers, and there were so many places and objects of interest to be seen at the end of it, that its success was assured from the first; indeed, so well did the coach pay that this most civil and obliging of professionals felt justified in putting on a second coach to Windsor a year after, particulars of which will be found on another page. During the first two seasons Fownes acted exclusively as his own coachman, having with him Arthur Bullock to blow the horn, but since then much of his time has necessarily been devoted to the Windsor coach, and Henry Goodwin, Harry Cracknell, E. Delaforce, and other well-known whips have in turn handled the ribbons, while, since Bullock's departure, the duties of guard have been well carried out by Binge, who was formerly on the "Tally-Ho" which ran from London to Surbiton, Wragg being the coachman; but there is still a lurking fondness

for the old coach, and perhaps the hospitable house of Harry Tagg—namely, the "Thames Hotel," at which the coach stops—has some attractions. Be that as it may, the "Vivid" sees its genial proprietor pretty frequently still, and passengers find the beauties of the river so fascinating, and the attractions of Hampton Court and East Molesey so great, that the coach is invariably well patronised, especially by the American visitors, who seem to appreciate coaching more than any other of our English pastimes.

Many years ago, a Colonel de Lancy Kane and one or two enthusiasts inaugurated coaching as a pastime in New York, but they met with a good deal of derision from the populace; the comic papers made unkind allusions to the innovation of English customs, and half the Irish teamsters made a point of religiously driving into Fifth Avenue about the time the coach started, so as to impede as much as possible the progress of the "Tally Ho." In England, of course, all this is different, and nine 'bus drivers or carmen out of ten would willingly fall on one side to allow any of the coaches a free passage through the heavy traffic of London streets. No wonder coaching becomes more popular each season. To Americans who have time and money to spare, there is no better way of seeing the many natural beauties within thirty, in some few cases seventy, miles of London, than by taking trips on the several coaches. It is infinitely less tiring and monotonous than railway travelling, and the well-regulated roads which traverse this country in all directions are things they are unaccustomed to see in their own, whilst each route provides certain charms peculiar to itself.

Leaving the Hôtel Métropole, the "Vivid" crosses Trafalgar Square and proceeds up Regent Street to Jermyn Street, where a passing call is made at the "Brunswick Hotel"; then, cutting into St. James's Street and PICCADILLY, the route of the Guildford coach is travelled as far as Putney Station, where it turns off to the right along the Upper Richmond Road, which abounds with pretty suburban villas, opening a little further on to Barnes Common on the right, with Roehampton Lane (travelled by the Dorking coach) on the left. To the right can be seen the PAGODA which is situated in Kew Gardens. This is a tower, some 160 feet high, of Chinese pattern, and, with the Gardens, is well worth a visit. It is only a very short distance from BARNES COMMON to SHEEN, the favourite country residence of Henry VII., where on the left is Sheen House, one of the residences of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Richmond Park, wherein, at White Lodge, dwell the Duke and Duchess of Teck. It was at the Palace of Sheen that Queen Elizabeth died. The little hostelry on the right is the "Bull," and here the second team is in waiting.

Within a few minutes' drive from here we enter RICHMOND, one of the prettiest spots on the river; the streets are narrow and generally very crowded, but the shops are good, and the country round is charming. On reaching the bridge a fine view of RICHMOND HILL is obtained, with the famous STAR AND GARTER HOTEL snugly ensconced in the rich foliage. The beautiful grounds on the left are those of Orleans House, formerly the famous Orleans Club, now the residence of Mr. Cunard. 'Tis but a stone's throw, so to speak, from here to Twickenham, where is the immortalised

TWICKENHAM FERRY, with PETERSHAM HILL for a background. An even narrower street than tha of Richmond is the main thoroughfare of Twickenham Leaving the town, we pass Mr. Labouchere's house Pope's Villa, or Canister Hall as it is sometimes ironically called by certain cynics, owing to its curious structure from which point the road follows the bend of the river t the TEDDINGTON LOCK, where again another capita view of the "Star and Garter" is obtained. Teddington Station is soon passed, and the coach enters the cele brated CHESTNUT AVENUE of BUSHEY PARK which in the spring, when the chestnuts are in bloom, is sight that thousands of people come long distances to se The avenue itself is a mile-and-a-quarter in length, an the trees are some of the finest in the world, having bee planted in the reign of Henry VIII., in the early pa of the 16th century. The historical interests of the Pa and HAMPTON COURT PALACE, which is ju opposite the gates, are, however, far too numerous to tre of here, and passengers wishing to know all abo either or both cannot do better than procure a Gui to the Palace, which may be obtained at any of t Palace gates. We now once more cross the river HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE, pulling up on t Surrey side at the THAMES HOTEL, one of the m comfortable and convenient houses on the river. capital luncheon always awaits the hungry passeng and a charming view is obtained from the dining-roo After lunch there is plenty of time for a stroll over the Palace or up to the HURST PARK, a row on river, or a trip in a launch before the coach leaves ag for London at 4.30.

THAMES HOTEL, HAMPTON COURT. (See page 99.)

(Proprietor, Harry Tagg.)

HERTFORD AND LONDON.

THE "TELEGRAPH" coach leaves the "HOTEL VICTORIA," London, DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 10.45 A.M., for the "DIMSDALE ARMS," HERTFORD, *viâ* FINCHLEY, BARNET, POTTER'S BAR, and HATFIELD. Returning at 3.15 P.M., and arriving at 6.55 P.M.

Distance, 37 miles.

Proprietor and Coachman—T. HARVEYSON.

Guard—W. GODDEN.

TIME. A.M.	TIME TABLE. *Leaving—*	FARES. *s.*	*d.*
10.45	"Hôtel Victoria."		
11.30	*Finchley, "Railway Hotel"	3	0
12. 0	Barnet, "Red Lion"	5	0
12.10	*Potter's Bar, "Duke of York"	6	0
12.35	Bell Bar, "Swan"	7	0
1. 5	Hatfield, "Red Lion"	8	0
1.35	*Digswell Water	10	0
2.25	Hertford, "Dimsdale Arms"	12	6

P.M.	*Returning from—*		
3.15	Hertford, "Dimsdale."		
3.30	Hertingfordbury	2	6
4.15	*Hatfield, "Red Lion"	4	6
4.45	Bell Bar, "Swan"	6	6
5.15	*Potter's Bar, "Duke of York"	7	6
5 30	Barnet, "Red Lion"	8	6
6. 0	*Finchley, "Railway Hotel"	9	6
6.55	"Hôtel Victoria"	12	6

* Change horses.

Single Fare, 12s. 6d.; Return Fare, 18s. 6d.

Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Coach built by Shanks.

N 1888, poor Jim Selby having been laid to rest the year before, Mr. TOM HARVEYSON, in addition to taking over the Virginia Water road with the "Old Times" coach, put the "Telegraph" on the road to Hertford, though for the first two seasons his house at Finchley was the starting point. In 1890, however, he joined the gay throng in Northumberland Avenue, with that staunch supporter of coaching, Mr. Farnell Watson, behind him, and the road he travels is so historically connected that success was almost a *fait accompli* before they started. Amongst other gentlemen who are and have been closely connected with this coach may be mentioned Mr. H. L. Beckett, Mr. McAdam, Mr. F. Hurst, Mr. E. Coates, Mr. Broadwood, and Mr. Lambert. Those who are acquainted with the Great North Road must be impressed not only with its many objects of interest, but also with its general excellence as a coaching road. It is not to be wondered at, then, that Mr. Harveyson has elected to travel by it as far as possible, even though it may not be absolutely the most direct way to the ancient borough of Hertford. It is said that at one time some two hundred mail coaches used this road between Barnet and London, and many can still recall the dreadful Christmas Day of 1836, when all the coaches were snowed up and abandoned. This, however, was in the days when coaching was a necessity, not a pleasure, and the road was afterwards for many years innocent of the sound of the coach-horn or the rattle of the splinter bars. Who can picture to himself the first coach started between London and York in about the year 1698,

and running from the "Black Swan" in Holborn to the "Black Swan" in Coney Street, York; starting at five o'clock on Thursday mornings, in summer only, and reaching its destination perhaps some days afterwards, the travellers having had to alight and walk for a few miles because of the state of the roads, or being detained at some town because the floods were out and the roads under water? But in 1754 a company of canny Lancashire men started a Manchester flying coach, which actually travelled at the unprecedented rate of four, or even, under favourable conditions, five miles an hour. The prospectus said: "However incredible it may appear, the coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London four days and a half after leaving Manchester." Some portion of this noted road was travelled a few years since by Mr. Rumney's "Wonder" coach, which ran from London to St. Albans, *viâ* Barnet, but when he altered his route to go through Watford, the Great North Road was vacant until Mr. Harveyson reopened it with the full intention that the "Telegraph" should be done as well as possible. The coach, as a matter of fact, is splendidly horsed and thoroughly well equipped in every detail, and it would be difficult to find a more businesslike coach on any of the roads, and this year that excellent guard W. Godden, who has been for so long connected with the "Old Times," will accompany the coach.

The journey through London is somewhat shorter than that of which most of the coaches can boast, for one is practically in the country after reaching St. John's Wood, and it takes but short time to pop up to Piccadilly and BERKELEY SQUARE, through the heart of Mayfair

across OXFORD STREET, and so to BAKER STREET. The roomy square on the left is PORTMAN SQUARE, and the big house on the north side is the town residence of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Marylebone Road is then crossed by the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and the large handsome red building on the right is the new home of MADAME TUSSAUD'S waxwork figures. REGENT'S PARK is close at hand, and within two minutes the gates are passed, and the coach enters ST. JOHN'S WOOD, with the famous LORD'S CRICKET GROUND (the headquarters of the Marylebone Cricket Club, or M.C.C. as it is familiarly called). We now near the SWISS COTTAGE, and pass a little further on the Midland Railway, after which we leave London behind us and are fairly in the country, while the road becomes somewhat hilly, and several fine views of the surrounding country are obtained. Away to the left is HARROW, famous for its public school. On nearing Finchley we cross the Great Northern Railway and pull up at the Railway Hotel to change horses.

On commencing our second stage we pass Mr. Harveyson's house, and a little beyond cut into the Great North Road, which we follow as far as Hatfield, a road made famous by Dick Turpin's wonderful ride, and his oak may still be seen; the guard will point it out. On the left is TOTTERIDGE, where lived Lord William Russell, while on the right we catch glimpses of many country residences and parks extending almost to Enfield. The curious straggling old village we now pass is WHETSTONE, so called from the fact that it was here the soldiers, engaged in the War

of the Roses, ground their swords before the Battle of Barnet, in 1471, where at the Earl of Warwick, the leader of the Lancastrians, was slain; the OBELISK on the Green beyond Barnet still marks the spot. The ancient town of BARNET, famous for its annual Horse Fair, is next passed, and the old Elizabethan Grammar School can be seen on the left; then a somewhat uninteresting though pretty bit of road takes us to POTTER'S BAR. On the left we pass Wrotham Park, the seat of Lord Strafford, and crossing the Great Northern main line enter the village, where at the "Duke of York" our third team awaits us.

Leaving Potter's Bar we enter a very rural piece of country, and there is not much to interest the passenger for the next five miles, in fact until BELL BAR (where the coach formerly changed horses) is passed and the boundary wall of Hatfield—the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury—is reached. The park on the left is BROCKMAN PARK, or, as it used to be called, Brook Park, and this almost touches Lord Salisbury's place on the opposite side of the road. Here we again come very near the railway; but the game on the Hatfield estate care neither for road nor rail, for the pheasants are frequently to be seen basking in the sun not only in the field between the line and the road, but also in the latter, and they are veritably as tame as chicken. The road now follows the walls of Hatfield for some two miles or more, till the "Red Lion" opposite HATFIELD STATION looms in sight. Situated as it is in a deep recess, it is necessary to turn the coach round, and this feat is generally accomplished at a swinging trot in a very masterly manner.

The last team is soon put to, and once more we continue our way, though we now leave the Great North Road, which goes on *viâ* STANBOROUGH and DIGSWELL WATER. A few years ago the "Telegraph" went this road, and it was considered the prettiest part of the drive, for after leaving the last-named place it passed under WELWYN VIADUCT, which is eighty feet high, and entered Mr. Burraud's charming park. Now, however, the coach travels the nearer way, *viâ* COLE GREEN and HERTINGFORDBURY, both of which are charming specimens of English villages. The river crossed soon after leaving Hatfield is the Lea, and that just before reaching Hertford is the Maran. At Cole Green Lord Cowper's magnificent park may be seen on the left, while on the right is WOOLMERS, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford. HERTFORD itself is one of the quaintest and most old-fashioned towns in existence, and there are accordingly many objects of especial interest to be seen within its precincts, though before everything attention should be paid to the excellent lunch provided at the "Dimsdale Arms," for the long drive is pretty sure to have furnished a wholesome appetite, and there is not too much time at one's disposal ere the sound of the guard's horn will notify that the coach is about to start on the return journey.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

MAIDENHEAD AND LONDON.

THE "DEFIANCE" coach leaves the "HOTEL METROPOLE," London, DAILY, at 10.30 A.M. (Sundays included), for "Skindle's Hotel," MAIDENHEAD, *viâ* HAMMERSMITH, RICHMOND, ISLEWORTH, HOUNSLOW, COLNBROOK, and SLOUGH. Returning at 3.30 P.M., and arriving at 7.0 P.M.

Distance, 31 miles.
Proprietor and Coachman—E. FOWNES.
Guard—H. HORWOOD.

TIME.	TIME TABLE.	FARES. s.	d.
10.30	London, "Hôtel Métropole."		
11.15	Barn Elms	2	0
11.30	*Sheen, "Bull"	2	6
11.45	Richmond	3	0
11.50	St. Margaret's	3	6
11.55	Isleworth	4	6
12. 5	*Hounslow, "Red Lion"	5	0
12.20	Cranford		
12.40	*Longford, "Peggy Bedford"	6	6
12.50	Colnbrook, "George"	7	6
1.15	*Slough, "Crown"	8	6
1.40	Taplow		
1.45	Maidenhead (Skindle's)	10	6
	Returning from—		
3.30	Maidenhead (Skindle's)		
3.35	Taplow		
4. 5	*Slough, "Crown"	2	0
4.35	Colnbrook, "George"	3	0
4.45	*Longford, "Peggy Bedford"	4	0
5. 5	Cranford		
5.25	*Hounslow, "Red Lion"	5	6
5.35	Isleworth	6	0
5.40	St. Margaret's	7	0
5.45	Richmond	7	6
6. 0	*Sheen, "Bull"	8	0
6.15	Barn Elms	8	6
7. 0	London, "Hôtel Métropole"	10	6

* Change Horses.

Fares—Single, 10s. 6d.; Return, 15s. Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Coach built by Shanks.

THE "Defiance" first made its appearance as a road coach many years ago, under the proprietorship of Mr. Edwin Fownes, running between London and Bentley Priory, and subsequently between London and Chenies. In 1887 a number of coaching men marked their esteem for the proprietor by presenting him with a new coach, which at once became known as the "Jubilee" Coach, but in 1889 Mr. Fownes practically retired from the active work, and handed over the coach to his son Ernest (the present owner), who, during the following winter, ran it to Watford, and in the spring of 1890 put it on the road to Bellaggio, the Surrey Bungalow Village, having with him as his chief supporters Mr. Pawley, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Churchman, Mr. Curzon, Mr. Cunard, and Mr. Braikenridge. It proved a very successful season, and during the next winter Mr. Fownes ran to St. Albans, again visiting Bellaggio in 1891, and doing the long journey to Oxford during the winter of 1891-92. There were, however, many disadvantages attached to this route, as it was too far to enable the coach to return on the same day, and so this year (1892) it was decided to run to that charming riverside resort, Maidenhead. A few years ago J. Sullivan ran a coach (the "Enterprise") to this place, going by way of Acton, Ealing, Uxbridge, and Iver Heath, but Mr. Fownes has wisely elected to use the longer route, *viâ* Richmond, which, if a trifle farther, fully atones for the same by means of its beauty, and he now follows the road travelled by the late Eton coach (the "Express") as far as Colnbrook, and should have a very successful

season. He has a great idea of using horses with plenty of quality, is himself an excellent whip, and does not believe in slow travelling; he therefore keeps plenty of spare horses on the road, and rattles his stages off at a pace that should delight the hearts of his passengers.

On leaving Northumberland Avenue the "Defiance" follows the usual route, along PALL MALL, ST. JAMES'S STREET, and PICCADILLY, to the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, where it passes along the CROMWELL ROAD to the KENSINGTON ROAD, and so past OLYMPIA to HAMMERSMITH, following the route of the Boxhill Coach to the Richmond Road. Here we turn to the right, reaching Sheen and the end of the first stage in just an hour.

Getting away with a fresh team we soon reach RICHMOND (see Hampton Court Coach), and popping over the bridge, bear away to the right, crossing the railway bridge at ST. MARGARET'S, from which point a bye-road takes us through the somewhat uninteresting village of ISLEWORTH. Passing the Brewery of Messrs. Farnell Watson and Co., we now bear to the left, and soon strike the main BATH ROAD, which we follow for the rest of the journey. On the right is the well-appointed residence of Mr. Pears ("Good Morning!") before entering the barrack-town of HOUNSLOW, where we pull up at the "Red Lion" to make our next change.

Soon after leaving the "Red Lion" the road bears slightly to the right, and a fine piece of Macadam's art opens before us. On the left are the CAVALRY BARRACKS and HOUNSLOW HEATH. The country here is rather flat, but every now and then pretty peeps

come as unexpected and pleasant surprises. On nearing CRANFORD the scenery decidedly improves. On the right is CRANFORD PARK, the property of the Earl of Berkeley. The MAGPIES, which we pass on the left hand, is one of the oldest coaching houses on the road, and the old mail coaches which used to run from London to Exeter changed there. We now pass SIPSON GREEN and HARLINGTON, soon after reaching LONGFORD, and pull up at the old-fashioned and quaintly-named "PEGGY BEDFORD" to make the next change of horses. On the left is Stanwell Park, the property of Lady Stanhope.

A great improvement in the scenery now occurs, as after leaving the village of Langford behind we get into more wooded country, and soon enter Buckinghamshire, crossing the River Coln, one of the tributaries of the Thames. Its banks are lined with small copses and osier beds, which extend across the valley to the Thames, the whole having for its background Cooper's Hill (see Windsor Coach). A very pretty part of the road is that forming the entrance to Colnbrook, lined as it is by an avenue of trees and bordered by a running stream of fresh clear water. Colnbrook itself is a curious old village and boasts one or two famous hostelries. On reaching the outskirts of the village a fine view is obtained of WINDSOR CASTLE, some three or four miles distant to the left, and then we pass DITTON PARK, seat of the late Earl Beaulieu. On the right is LANGLEY MARSH, and we get a glimpse of a Great Western Railway train as it threads its way in and out of the foliage. We are now nearing SLOUGH, having passed the little village of UPTON, and here at the "CROWN

HOTEL"—another celebrated coaching house, by the way—we stop to make our final change before running in to Maidenhead.

The first place of interest passed after leaving Slough is ETON COLLEGE, which can be seen to the left about a mile and a half away ; then there are several well-known estates in the immediate neighbourhood, notably CRANBOURNE LODGE, the seat of the late Duke of Gloucester. A little farther on and we come to SALT HILL, the famous opening-day fixture of Her Majesty's Staghounds, the gathering at which is one of the most fashionable functions of the year. BAYLIS on the right belongs to the Marquis of Bute, while farther away to the right is STOKE PARK. The road itself here is not of a very interesting character, passing as it does through a lot of arable land, but on reaching TAPLOW STATION it can be seen that Maidenhead, which is just before us, is singularly beautiful, and is perhaps one of the most favoured spots on the river. As we cross it by MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE the ruins of CLIEFDEN can be seen, as can also HEDSOR LODGE (Lord Boston's place), and the pretty Hotel on the opposite bank is Skindle's, at which we pull up, feeling as though we had suddenly been dropped from the clouds on to one of the most charming spots imaginable.

The town of Maidenhead is in reality some little distance from here and lies inland, so to speak, the river winding away to the right through some of the most lovely wooded scenery. Only a few miles higher up the river is Cookham, certainly one of the prettiest spots in the Thames Valley. On the other hand, the town itself contains nothing of any very great interest to the casual

visitor, and Mr. Fownes undoubtedly acted wisely when he decided to stop short at the river-side instead of taking his passengers up into the dull old town, which only awakens temporarily from its habitual sleepiness when the Great Western special hunting train brings its freight of pink-coated horsemen thither to meet Her Majesty's Hounds at Maidenhead Thicket or some other equally adjacent rendezvous.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

REIGATE AND LONDON.

THE "MAGNET" coach leaves the "HOTEL VICTORIA," London, DAILY, at 11 A.M. (Sundays excepted), for the "WHITE HART HOTEL," REIGATE, *viâ* PUTNEY, WIMBLEDON, MALDEN, WORCESTER PARK, EWELL, and BURGH HEATH. Returning at 3.50 P.M., arriving at 6.50 P.M.

Distance, 27 miles.

Proprietors—Mr. J. W. CHRISTMAS, Mr. A. CHRISTMAS, and Mr. P. LEFTWICH.

Coachman—H. KING. Guard—A. BULLOCK.

TIME TABLE.

TIME.		FARES.
11. 0	Hôtel Victoria.	
11.35	Putney Station	2 0
11.55	*Wimbledon, *arr.*	3 0
12. 0	Do. *dep.*	
12.20	Malden	4 6
12.30	Worcester Park	5 0
12.50	*Ewell, "Spring Hotel," *arr.* . .	6 0
12.55	Do. do. *dep.*	
1.22	Burgh Heath	8 0
2. 0	Reigate, "White Hart Hotel" . .	10 0
3.45	*Reigate, "White Hart Hotel."	
4.25	Burgh Heath	2 0
4 45	*Ewell, "Spring Hotel," *arr.* . .	3 0
4.55	Do. do. *dep.*	
5.15	Worcester Park	3 6
5.25	Malden	4 0
5.45	*Wimbledon, *arr.*	5 0
5.50	Do. *dep.*	
6.10	Putney Station	6 0
6.45	Hôtel Victoria	7 6

*Change Horses.

Down Single Fare, 10s. 0d | Return Fare, 15s.
Up Single Fare, 7s. 6d. | Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Coach built by Shanks.

ALTHOUGH one of the latest additions to the ranks of Road Coaching, the "Magnet" has jumped to the front rank in a marvellously short space of time, it being but two years since it made its initial journey to Reigate. The reason for this phenomenal success is not difficult, however, to find. It travels through a most beautiful part of Surrey, has three capital sportsmen as proprietors, and, thanks to the excellent judgment of one of these, is as well horsed as any coach running out of London; while, if we may take the opinion of the public on the subject, we must set it down as the *best*-horsed, since, at the end of the season 1891, the "Magnet" horses made the extraordinary average of ninety guineas, thereby establishing a record price for coach horses. Thus the character of the "Magnet" coach for the best of horseflesh was permanently established. The proprietors, too, have been fortunate in securing the services of H. King and A. Bullock as coachman and guard—a remark which passengers will cordially endorse. In 1890, when the coach was first placed on the road, the route lay from Wimbledon to Merton, and so into Ewell, but the following year a change was made in favour of the more picturesque road through Malden and Worcester Park; and then, as soon after the sale as fresh horses could be got together, a winter season was commenced to Epsom, the old route being followed as far as Ewell—and a very enjoyable season was enjoyed too. Harry King and Arthur Bullock, excellent coachman and guard that they are,

still retain their appointments ; and now a return is once more made to the pretty Worcester Park route. The horses during the season of 1890 were the joint property of the three gentlemen who ran the coach ; but since April, 1891, they have been bought exclusively by Mr. J. W. Christmas, whose property they now are, and to his excellent judgment must be attributed the great success attained at the annual sales. He is a great lover of match teams, and spares no expense in getting what he wants, and has made the coach famous for the splendid teams of blue roans which invariably take the coach its first stage, and for which purpose he keeps two complete match teams in London. Down the road he is equally particular—working all chestnuts in the centre stage and all bays or browns into Reigate. The coach, which is built by the eminent firm of Cowland and Selby, is a beautifully-running one, and is characteristically painted the colours of a magnet, *i.e.*, steel-grey and red.

From the "Hôtel Victoria" the coach proceeds along Northumberland Avenue to CHARING CROSS, where the pressure of traffic is invariably very great. On the right will be noticed the lofty column erected to the memory of Admiral Nelson and the fountains of Trafalgar Square. Pall Mall is then entered, with its many and handsome clubs, including the Army and Navy, Athenæum, Beaconsfield, Carlton, Guards, Marlborough, Oxford and Cambridge, Reform, and the Pall Mall. The WAR OFFICE and MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, the town residence of H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, are also passed, and we enter the short but fashionable St. James's Street, leading into Piccadilly, from which point the road travelled is the same as that of the Guildford coach to the top of

Putney Hill. Here, however, the way leads through the most wooded part of WIMBLEDON COMMON; many charming residences, looking over the Common, line the road, and a splendid view is obtained of the Kingston Vale, and, in the far distance, the Thames valley. A little further on the first change is made at the "Dog and Fox" on the brow of WIMBLEDON HILL.

Proceeding along the higher road, the town of Wimbledon is on the left, lying snugly ensconced on the side of the hill; and very picturesque is the valley below, with the SURREY HILLS in the background; nor do the frequent puffs of white smoke, denoting the presence of the South-Western Railway, in any way deteriorate from the scene. A winding lane, which is somewhat narrow and very countryfied, has now to be descended, and a sharp turn at the bottom and a rather steep acclivity brings us to COOMBE WOOD and the beautiful country house of Mr. R. Vyner, so well known as an owner of racehorses. Another turn in the road, a nice run down the hill, and MALDEN is reached. It is an uninteresting village, but, passing under the railway arch, a capital piece of road soon takes one to the precincts of WORCESTER PARK—perhaps one of the prettiest villages in all England, with its well-kept farmhouses, quaint village-green and thoroughly English scenery, that makes one long to stop and linger about the sweet-scented lanes. Turning to the right by the duck-pond the prettiest part of the drive is reached, the narrow lane with its high banks being peculiarly characteristic and charming. The pretty little house on the right, with its neatly-kept garden overlooking the deep valley and winding trout stream, is

the rural vicarage, the now uninhabited demesne on the left being Worcester Park. Half a mile further and the main road from Surbiton to Ewell is reached. Turning to the left here, a splendid stretch of sound road affords good going into Ewell, but the fine avenue of trees and the remains of the old POWDER MILLS on the right should not be missed. The coach now passes under the London and South-Western Railway and enters the village. The peaceful mill-pond—the mill itself half hidden in the luxuriant foliage, yet reflected as in a looking-glass—forms an exceptionally charming picture; and just beyond, a sharp turn up a narrow bye-street brings us to the "SPRING HOTEL," where another team is in readiness to take the coach into Reigate.

Continuing the journey from here, we soon pass EWELL COURT, the residence of Mr. Alderman Evans, the present Lord Mayor of London, situated on the outskirts of the village, from which a tortuous road runs up to BANSTEAD—the coach, however, follows the direct road to BURGH HEATH—the only mark of interest, perhaps, being a neatly kept cross which is to be seen on the left hand, and where a gipsy was supposed once upon a time to have been murdered. On BANSTEAD DOWNS, to the left, is an obelisk, and The Oaks, the residence of a former Earl of Derby—from which the classic races no doubt take their name, for EPSOM RACECOURSE is but a mile or so to the right. Before reaching the summit of the hill we pass the pretty house which was originally the residence of Lord Egmont, and then a brief halt is made to rinse out the horses' mouths at the juncture of the two roads. Sir Charles Russell's house forms the most interesting mark

at Tadworth. From here we traverse a pleasant bit of country by WALTON HEATH and KINGSWOOD, from which, twenty-two miles away, Windsor Castle may be seen on a fine day. A most charming scene bursts upon the view about two miles further as the top of REIGATE HILL is reached. It is a terribly steep hill and necessitates the use of the skid. The curious grooves or tramway noticeable on one side were laid down by George III. to facilitate the ascent. The entrance to the town is made through a picturesque tunnel, and the "White Hart Hotel" (also a George III. house) is just below, facing the old-fashioned Market-place. Abounding with historic and natural interest as REIGATE is, the "White Hart" claims its fair share, and the wonderful sand caves should not be missed, while the Hotel Gardens are alone worth travelling from London to Reigate to see.

The CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE is a fine specimen of what is known as the Third Pointed Style. Lord Effingham, who defeated the Spanish Armada, was buried here. There was formerly a strong-hold in the town, known as HOLM CASTLE, held by the Earls of Warren and Surrey, which was besieged and taken in 1216 by the Dauphin of France. In the rock of fine white sand on which the castle stood is a remarkable cave, 235 feet long and 11 feet high, divided into several compartments, in which, it is said, the Barons met to arrange the terms of the Magna Charta.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50, Strand, W.C., price 6d.

ST. ALBANS AND LONDON.

THE "WONDER" coach leaves the "HOTEL VICTORIA," London, DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 10.50 A.M., for the "PEAHEN HOTEL," ST. ALBANS, *viâ* HENDON, EDGWARE, STANMORE, and WATFORD. Returning at 3.45 P.M., arriving at 6.45 P.M.

Distance, 25 miles.

Proprietor—Mr. P. J. RUMNEY.

Coachman—SAM CLARK. Guard—E. CLARK.

TIME TABLE.

FARES s.	FARES d.	MILES.	*Leaving*—		*Time.*
			Hôtel Victoria . . .		10.50
2	6	7	*Hendon . . .	*arr.*	11.35
			"Welsh Harp". .	*dep.*	11.40
4	0	10½	Edgware, "Chandos Arms" . .		12. 0
5	0	12½	*Stanmore . . .	*arr.*	12.15
			"Abercorn Arms" .	*dep.*	12.20
6	0	15	Bushey Hall, near .	*arr.*	12.45
7	0	17	*Watford . . .	*arr.*	1. 0
			"Rose and Crown" .	*dep.*	1. 5
10	0	25	St. Albans, "Peahen" .	*arr.*	1.50

			Returning from—		
			St. Albans . . .	*leave*	3.45
3	0	8	*Watford . . .	*arr.*	4.35
			"Rose and Crown" .	*dep.*	4.40
4	0	9	Bushey Hall, near .	*arr.*	4.45
5	0	12½	*Stanmore . . .	*arr.*	5.10
			"Abercorn Arms" .	*dep.*	5.15
6	0	14½	Edgware . . .	*arr.*	5.30
7	6	18	*Hendon . . .	*arr.*	5.55
			"Welsh Harp" . .	*dep.*	6. 0
10	0	25	Hôtel Victoria . .	*arr.*	6 45

* Change Horses.

Single Fare, 10s.; Return Fare, 15s.
Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Coach built by Shanks

R. P. J. RUMNEY, the proprietor of the "Wonder" coach, appears to have a double mission in life, that of conferring comfort on the infantile portion of our population, and of providing much pleasure to the older community, for it is an open secret that Mr. Rumney is also the proprietor of the famous Dr. Ridge's Food, and down the road he is known by the title of Dr. Ridge almost as much as by his own name. It is not, however, with the business side of his life that we have to deal, for although coaches take fares from their passengers, coaching can hardly be looked upon as a business venture, or at least as a very paying one, and it is probable that Mr. Rumney's hand has to go very deeply and very often into his pocket to maintain the heavy expenses connected with the running of the "Wonder" coach. For ten years, however, he has continued to traverse the road to St. Albans, at one time going *viâ* Finchley and Barnet, and returning *viâ* Watford and Hendon, so making a circular drive; but this entailed so much trouble with the teams that for the past few years the route has been confined to the Watford road. Not unfrequently, however, Mr. Rumney takes the coach to the seaside during the autumn, thus making a pleasant change, his favourite trip being from Eastbourne to Brighton, and one year he ran his coach (then called the "Tally Ho") from Hampton Court, where, by the way, he lives, to Burford Bridge in Surrey, and a very pretty drive it was. His first coaching venture was, however, with the "Early Times," which coach he ran from Surbiton to London, as long ago as 1880, carrying no less

than 450 passengers between the 11th October of that year and the following 10th January. During all his coaching days he has had the invaluable assistance of that sterling coachman Clark, who is just as much part and parcel of the coach as the box seat itself. Formerly Cave (now on the Brighton road) carried the horn, but on his leaving, Clark's son took the vacant post, and is now quite an accomplished guard.

The "Wonder" leaves London in much the same way as does the Hertford coach, following it as far as ST. JOHN'S WOOD, and so past LORD'S CRICKET GROUND. Here it wends its way across the pretty suburban roads to the Edgware Road, which it follows to KILBURN, where it enters the country proper at the top of the hill, and a pleasant run down to CRICKLEWOOD makes you feel really in the country. The Midland Railway, however, follows the road very closely as far as HENDON, which is famous not only as the largest parish in England, but also and perhaps more popularly for the far-famed WELSH HARP, where 'Arry loves to drive his 'Arriet in the summer, and whither all London repairs for skating in the winter. Here, too, many pigeon shooting matches are held, and here at the Welsh Harp ends our first stage.

The second stage is commenced with a slight hill, and HENDON STATION is passed on the right, while in the bottom lies KINGSBURY. To the left is Mr. Henry Ward's farm, where the now celebrated annual sale of hunters is held, and where the hounds of the Middlesex Drag Hunt are kennelled. It is known as THE HYDE.

On reaching the summit of the next hill we pass the "Bald Faced Stag," a well-known coaching house in days

gone by. From here a beautiful view is obtained of the surrounding country; the big house away to the right is that of Mr. Marshall, of Marshall and Snelgrove. The quaint old village before us is EDGWARE, one of the few suburban villages still left in its original state; it looks as if it were built in the year One. As we drive up the hill we pass on the left an old black wooden building, which seems to have been dropped from above and left to remain where it fell in the middle of the footpath; this is no less than the historical smithy which inspired Handel to compose his famous "Harmonious Blacksmith." Just beyond this point we make a turn short to the left, leaving the main road to St. Albans, and travelling for a while the high road (according to Paterson) to Birmingham—it really looks like a pretty country bye-road.

CANNON PARK, which we reach in a few minutes, was the property of the Duke of Buckingham, and here it was that the famous racehorse Eclipse first saw the light. The pretty little church on the right is also famous, for here it was that Handel used to be the organist. The road now opens on to a small common (one of the meets of Her Majesty's Staghounds), and we soon rattle into the pretty village of STANMORE, which stands on the side of a very formidable hill, half way up which is a charmingly picturesque little Hotel, the ABERCORN ARMS. Our next change here awaits us, whilst on the return journey a few minutes' grace is given to enable the lady passengers to enjoy a welcome cup of fragrant tea.

The hill leading from here to STANMORE COMMON is a rare pull, but the reward is great, for the charming

view across the valley to St. Albans is hardly to be surpassed. The Brewery on the left is that of Messrs. Clutterbuck, and the handsome gates leading into the mass of woodlands are the entrance to BENTLEY PRIORY, at one time a famous hotel, to which the "Defiance" coach used to run, and before then the residence of the Duke of Abercorn. Here it was that Queen Adelaide died in 1549. It is now private property. A brief halt is generally made at the brow of the next hill just to have a final peep at the lovely view, and then crossing the boundary of Middlesex we enter the county of Hertford, and dropping quickly down the deep descent reach BUSHEY. In former years the coach would enter the gates on the right and make a short stay at BUSHEY HALL, the well-known Sanatorium, but now it pushes on without let or hindrance to WATFORD, where at the "Rose and Crown" the last team is in readiness.

Once more leaving the main road we now bear away to the right of CASHIOBURY PARK (the seat of the Earl of Essex), and crossing the London and North-Western Railway, push on to GARSTON, with its pretty little rustic inn, and are soon in the midst of the densely-wooded country, the noted BRICKET WOOD (a favourite meet of the Hertfordshire and Old Berkeley Hounds) being hard by. The road now threads its way through the Verulam hills and crosses the river VER. Another mile brings us to the bottom of HOLYWELL HILL, on which St. Albans is situated, and here two extra leaders are usually in waiting, for the hill is like the side of a house, and six horses are none too many to take the coach to the top, where our destination is reached and

lunch is ready. In ST. ALBANS itself there is plenty to be seen, and the old Abbey or Cathedral is full of interest and historical recollections.

Here Mathew Paris wrote his history. Here a printing press was set up within a few years after Caxton had brought the new art to England. From the Abbey tower we look towards the east, upon the spot where the battle between the houses of York and Lancaster was fought, and towards the north to the site of the second battle of St. Albans. In the low grounds are the remains of the fosse and wall of the VERULAM of the Romans. Here are the ruins of GORHAMBURY, in which Bacon lived, and the CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, in which he is buried, and where his monument exists to the present day. Here came the British Boadicea to menace the Roman colony, and here came Offa, the great King of Mercia, to found the abbey dedicated to St. Alban, from whom the town took its name.

Those who prefer can look over the straw bonnet factory, which is the staple industry of the place; but if they intend returning by the coach at 3.45 they will find the time all too short to see one-half the objects of interest to be found within the precincts of the ancient city.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50 Strand, W.C., price 6d.

SEVENOAKS AND LONDON.

THE "TANTIVY" coach leaves NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, London, DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 10.30 A.M., for the "Royal Crown Hotel," SEVENOAKS, *viâ* NEW CROSS, LEWISHAM, CATFORD, BROMLEY, FARNBOROUGH, GREEN STREET GREEN, and POLL HILL. Returning at 3.30 P.M., and arriving at 6.30 P.M.

Distance, 26 miles.

Proprietor and Coachman—W. CLOAKE.

Guard—E. SPENCER.

TIME TABLE.

Leaving—	A.M.
London, Northumberland Avenue	10.30
*New Cross	11.10
Lewisham	11.20
*Bromley, "Two Brewers"	11.50
*Green Street Green	12.35
Poll Hill	1. 0
Sevenoaks, "Royal Crown"	1.30
Returning from—	P.M.
Sevenoaks, "Royal Crown"	3.30
Poll Hill	4. 0
*Green Street Green	4.25
*Bromley, "Two Brewers"	5.10
Lewisham	5.20
*New Cross	5.50
London, Northumberland Avenue	6.30

* Change Horses.

Single Fare, 10s. Return Fare, 15s.

Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

THE names of the "Tantivy" coach and William Cloake have really been synonymous ever since the year 1882, when the former was put on the Eastbourne and Brighton road by the latter, but it was not until 1887 that the "Tantivy" took its place permanently amongst the London road coaches. In the Jubilee year, however, Mr. Cloake decided to run his coach to Sevenoaks, and made the "Hôtel Victoria" his headquarters in London. The coach then ran during the summer only, and continued doing so until the winter of 1890-91, when it was put on the Surbiton road till the following spring. Then, however, it returned to its old road, but migrated from the "Hôtel Victoria" to the "Hôtel Métropole," from which place the passengers were booked; and during the following winter, instead of returning to the Surbiton route, it was kept upon the same road, though the journey was somewhat curtailed, Bromley being its destination; whilst once more, in the spring of this year (1892) it is to be seen daily at the Hôtel Métropole, starting on the longer journey to Sevenoaks. The road, or portions of it, has certain disadvantages, notably the vast number of tramlines which cut up its earlier stages; but once beyond Catford, the beauties of the surroundings fully atone for the somewhat tedious exit from London, and as the outskirts of the great metropolis are left behind, the passenger who is an admirer of rural scenery gradually forgives and forgets, till, once fairly in the country, he cannot but admit that there is much beauty to be found even in the country which is known far and wide

as the hop county, and Sevenoaks itself is pretty enough to please the most fastidious.

Making its way from Northumberland Avenue, the "Tantivy" gains the THAMES EMBANKMENT, which charming thoroughfare it follows to the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, where, by means of WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, it crosses into Surrey, entering the Westminster Bridge Road immediately after passing the imposing edifices of ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL. On the right hand is SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE, the delight of our youthful days, while a little further on we pass the "Canterbury," our delight in later years. In this road is situated CHRIST CHURCH, the tower and spire of which were erected by the Americans in London to commemorate the late President Lincoln. Bearing to the right, we now follow the Kennington Road to KENNINGTON PARK, and enter the Camberwell New Road after crossing the Clapham Road, and proceed down its entire length to CAMBERWELL GREEN, noted in former days for its extensive fairs. Peckham High Road is now gained, and it will be noticeable that in this district mules are largely used in the trams. This road brings us in due course to NEW CROSS, where our first change occurs.

We now rapidly near the outskirts of town, and passing LEWISHAM, which really adjoins GREENWICH, enter the county of Kent, and soon gain CATFORD and the open country. The tram-lines, which have been such a nuisance hitherto, now disappear, and a capital road opens before us. On the right, standing on the top of Sydenham Hill, is the CRYSTAL PALACE, a huge mass of glittering glass, erected at a cost of nearly a

From Photographs by Ball, 17 Regent Street, W.

million and a half of money, and with grounds extending over 200 acres. It is the same building that was used in Hyde Park for the first Exhibition in 1851. A little farther on is CATFORD BRIDGE, the happy hunting grounds of pot-hunting athletes. We now ascend a long hill, which brings us to SOUTH END, and, passing along Bromley Hill, gain the old town of BROMLEY, where, at the lower end, we once more pull up, at the sign of the "Two Brewers," for our next team is there in waiting for us.

Once more pursuing our way we enter a very pretty part of the country, and are struck with the beauty of the fine old mansion which stands surrounded by its grounds on the right-hand side of the road; it is a very fine specimen of an English country home; the grounds stretch away nearly to KESTON. The road is now what we call a "give and take," or in other words slightly undulating; it is well wooded on either side, but there is nothing of very great interest to be seen between this and FARNBOROUGH. Here, one cannot help noticing the pretty old-fashioned house on the left. Another mile brings us to our next change at GREEN STREET GREEN, from which point the Beeches at KNOCKHOLT are plainly discernible; they are very fine specimens, and are well known for many miles round.

Green Street Green is a funny little old-fashioned place, and is eminently characteristic of the country, as signs of fruit-growing are to be seen in all directions. A mile and a half farther on we come to HALSTEAD, and now the country on both sides is pratically devoted to the growth of strawberries and raspberries, chiefly the former. Thousands of baskets of this delicious fruit are despatched daily to Covent Garden during the season, and some tons of jam

are made from such as is not consumed in its fresh state. The road is not very pretty after this until POLL HILL is reached, but here the passenger is well rewarded. On the right is a high hill covered with trees and underwood, that in the spring afford every conceivable tint of green, from the bright-coloured budding leaves to the more sombre leaves of the evergreens; while in the autumn the tints of brown, green, and yellow are a picture that, once seen, will not be easily forgotten. Below on the left the massive woods still continue, stretching away down to the very valley beyond, while from above the uppermost branches a most lovely view of the fertile lands of Kent is obtained, a view that extends well-nigh to the sea. Hamlets and villages are dotted here and there, while the vast tracks of hop farms lend a freshness to the whole scene which is very agreeable to the eye. Away in front of us, ensconced on the opposite hill, is SEVENOAKS, our destination, and surely from no point could the old town be seen to better advantage. Underneath us is the long tunnel of the South-Eastern Railway. We now descend to the valley by means of a long and gentle incline, and then, passing MONTREAL, Lord Amherst's beautiful park, cross over he railway bridge, and mounting the steep hill which leads into Sevenoaks, arrive at our destination, the "Royal Crown Hotel," feeling that after all some of the prettiest spots in England are to be found in sunny Kent. Before leaving, the visitor should not fail to take a stroll through the gardens and grounds of the Hotel, which are most tastefully laid out and well worth a visit. A most lovely view of the surrounding country is obtained from these gardens. On the left can be seen ROCKDALE, a private residence built of Kentish rag in the Gothic style, while

the woods of KNOLE PARK, the fine old residence of the Sackville-Wests, formerly the Dukes of Dorset, can also be discerned. To the right is KIPPINGTON PARK; then again the view bears away over the extensive WEALD OF KENT; in fact the whole neighbourhood abounds with places of interest, and those who have time and inclination to learn more about them should secure a copy of "Salmon's Guide," which gives all information about the town and its environs.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50 Strand, W.C., price 6d.

VIRGINIA WATER AND LONDON.

THE "OLD TIMES" coach leaves the "HOTEL VICTORIA," Northumberland Avenue, London, DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 10.45 A.M., for the "WHEATSHEAF HOTEL," VIRGINIA WATER, *viâ* HAMMERSMITH, BARNES COMMON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, BUSHEY PARK, HAMPTON COURT, WALTON, and CHERTSEY. Returning at 3.20 P.M., and arriving at 6 30 P.M.

Distance, 29 miles.

Proprietor . .	T. HARVEYSON.
Coachman . .	J. SULLIVAN.
Guard . . .	F. WILLIAMS.

TIME TABLE.

TIME.		FARES. s.	d.
A.M.	*Leaving—*		
10.45	"Hotel Victoria."		
11.30	*East Sheen, "Bull" . . .	2	0
11.45	Richmond, "Greyhound" . . .	3	0
12. 5	Teddington, "Royal Oak" . .	4	0
12.15	*Hampton Court, "King's Arms" .	5	0
12.30	Hurst Park, "Hurst Park Club" .	6	0
12.40	Walton	7	0
1.20	*Chertsey, "Bridge House Hotel" .	8	6
1.50	Virginia Water, "Wheatsheaf" . .	10	0
P.M.	*Returning from—*		
3.20	Virginia Water, "Wheatsheaf."		
3.58	*Chertsey, "Bridge House Hotel" .	1	6
4.35	Walton	3	0
4.50	Hurst Park, "Hurst Park Club" .	4	0
5. 0	*Hampton Court, "King's Arms" .	5	0
5.10	Teddington, "Royal Oak" . .	6	0
5.30	Richmond, "Greyhound" . . .	7	0
5.45	*East Sheen, "Bull" . . .	8	0
6.30	"Hôtel Victoria"	10	0

* Change Horses.

Single Fare, 10s. Return Fare, 17s. 6d.
Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

THE "Old Times" is perhaps the most celebrated of any coach which has run out of London since the great revival of a quarter of a century ago, and no doubt it owes much of its fame to the fact that it was first piloted by those undeniably crack coachmen, Jim Selby and Edwin Fownes; both champions in the art of driving, and yet how different in style. Poor old Jim, who was so dearly loved by those who knew him, could, it was said, hold and drive any team of horses in the world, and certainly many of the feats he achieved proved him to be a man of great stamina and enormous strength. His famous drive to Windsor and back in the winter of 1881, when the roads were practically impassable to all save him, and whose only companion to brave the fatigues and exposure of such a drive was Major Dixon, will never be forgotten by those who were then coaching. How he was begged not to start, and how he made reply "that live or die the 'Old Times' must do its journey," is now a matter of history, and go it did. Probably this great coachman sacrificed his life, if not to his profession, at least to his love of it, for many attribute his death to the great strain upon his constitution caused by his memorable record drive to Brighton and back in 1886, when he drove all the way there and back in under eight hours, no one else so much as touching the reins. His companion, Edwin Fownes, is still alive and hearty. Although he has now retired from following his profession he is often to be seen on the box of one coach or another, tooling the team along in his customary quiet and

masterly manner. It was in November, 1878, that the "Old Times" was first put on the road, running then to St. Albans, with Mr. Carlton Bligh, Major Dixon, and Captain Knatchbull as supporters. In the following spring it ran to Virginia Water, with Mr. H. L. Beckett taking the place of Mr. Bligh. During the winters of 1880 and 1881 the coach ran to Windsor, returning to the Virginia Water road in the summer. In the winter of 1882 it ran to Oatlands Park, the following summer again seeing it at Virginia Water. That well-known amateur whip, Mr. Macadam, now joined the select little party, and matters continued in much the same way till 1886, when their ambitions were directed to making a longer journey, and the "Old Times" was sent to Brighton and back daily, while a second coach, called the "Express," was sent to Virginia Water to keep the road open. Mr. A. Broadwood, known to his friends as "Swish," and Mr. W. Dixon, commonly known as "Dicky the Driver," were now associated with this famous coach, and had been for several years, but then came a great blow in the shape of Jim Selby's death in November, 1887. This threatened for a time to break up the whole party, and after the funeral, which was one of the most splendid cortéges ever seen in London, the goods and chattels were disposed of at Aldridge's, and, to show the respect in which the great coachman was held, it may be mentioned that all his property fetched enormous prices when sent to the hammer, two of his whips making 20 guineas. The coach itself was sold for no less than 280 guineas, being finally knocked down to the bid of that good sportsman Mr. H. L.

Beckett, who almost immediately put it on the old road again, and who has ever since been the leading spirit of the "Old Times." Mr. Beckett now had Mr. Alfred Broadwood and Mr. Walter Dixon with him, while Tom Harveyson took over Selby's duties, and except that Mr. Davidson and Mr. Whitehead are now included in the list of subscribers matters have continued pretty much the same ever since. Such then is the brief outline of the history of this most famous road coach. It now remains but to give a short description of the road to Virginia Water.

Passing along Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street, the "Old Times" gains Piccadilly, which it follows to Knightsbridge, and so enters the Brompton Road, but, unlike the majority of coaches, bears away to the right on reaching the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, following the Cromwell Road. The fine building on the right-hand side is the NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, while immediately behind it are the gardens and buildings of the Royal Horticultural Society, in which the celebrated FISHERY EXHIBITION was held in 1883, and subsequently the Colonial, Inventions, Health, and other exhibitions. Crossing EARL'S COURT Road, the Warwick Road is reached, which leads into Kensington Road, almost opposite to the gates of HOLLAND PARK. Turning to the left we pass Olympia, the scene of Barnum's latest triumph, and then Kensington Road is followed to HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY, the large and handsome buildings on either side of the road just before entering which are ST. PAUL'S SCHOOLS. Crossing the Broadway, HAMMERSMITH SUSPENSION BRIDGE is soon

reached. It is one of the handsomest which London possesses. On the right can be seen the reservoir of one of the large Water Works Companies. The road now simply bristles with suburban villas, which plainly shows that the outskirts of the great Metropolis are being rapidly gained. Indeed, we are already passing the entrance to the RANELAGH CLUB, celebrated for its most aristocratic bearing, its pony races, its polo matches, its golf links, and its pigeon shooting tournaments, to say nothing of its charming house and grounds, with their splendid old elms and oaks, from which the name of BARN ELMS is derived. Away to the right is the LYRIC CLUB, fond home of *the* profession. The road now opens on to BARNES COMMON, and so joins the Richmond Road, which is travelled to SHEEN, where, at "The Bull," the first change of horses is in waiting.

From Sheen to Hampton Court the road followed is precisely the same as that travelled by the "Vivid" coach (London and Hampton Court), with the exception that on leaving BUSHEY PARK the "Old Times" pulls up at the "King's Arms Hotel," which is close to the noted LION GATES of Hampton Court Palace Gardens, and here makes its second change. It is a comfortable old-fashioned hotel, and Misses Nellie and Flo, so poetically referred to in Walter Godden's "Old Times Coach Song," are generally to the fore to administer to the wants of the hungry and thirsty traveller.

Only a minute or two is allowed at Hampton Court, and then, once more resuming his seat, the passenger is rapidly borne away past THE GREEN and the main entrance to the PALACE to HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE, from which he catches a charming glimpse of the river on

either side. To the left he can see as far as Ditton, where the river is lost again in the dense foliage, and this charming scene is generally brightened by innumerable skiffs, punts, and canoes, to say nothing of the steam launches, and occasionally the bigger craft of the Victoria Steam Boat Association. To the right he sees MOLESEY LOCK, a fashionable Sunday rendezvous, the picturesque weir, and the pretty backwater, the *tout ensemble* of which forms an exceedingly striking picture. Turning sharp to the right, past the "Thames Hotel," the road follows the river bank to the lock, where it bends slightly to the left, the HURST PARK RACECOURSE separating the two. For the next mile the road follows the straight course, and then a good view is obtained of the Club House, which lies back from the road on the left. APPS COURT, which has now been disused for many years, is next passed on the left, and the village of WALTON is reached. It is a typical Surrey village, standing some little distance away from the river. A fresh team awaits the coach at "The Bear."

Soon after starting upon the next stage several well-known houses are passed, notably that of Mr. Ingram, whose father was the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, on the right, and those of Lady Scott and Mr. George Lewis, the eminent lawyer, on the left. The river is now re-crossed by means of WALTON BRIDGE, the old route *viâ* Oatlands Park and Weybridge having been abandoned, and it is but a stone's throw to the pretty village of SHEPPERTON, a spot in the river much frequented by boating parties. The river is now very tortuous, but frequent views of it are obtained from the road, which runs almost straight to

CHERTSEY, where close to the lock the water is once more crossed, and the last team is in readiness at the CHERTSEY BRIDGE HOTEL, another very favoured river-side hostelry, much frequented by boating men. During the winter months this is the stopping place of the "Old Times."

The last stage, if somewhat short, compares favourably with the others in point of beauty. Soon after leaving the village behind, the road becomes excessively pretty, running, as it does, along the valley, with the lofty ST. ANNE'S HILL on one side. St. Anne's Hill is celebrated as the former residence of Fox. It is now the property of the Countess Morella. On the right is the Park of THORPE GROVE, one of the meets of Her Majesty's hounds. A couple of rustic bridges, over which the coach passes, adds to the rural charm of the road, which in due course leads up to the well-known HOLLOWAY SANATORIUM and COLLEGE. The former is a sanatorium for the insane, built by the late Mr. Holloway, and the latter is a college for the higher education of women, the two costing no less than a quarter of a million of money. We now pass Virginia Water Railway Station, which is about a mile from our destination. This mile, however, is passed through a lovely piece of wooded road, and it is generally voted all too short when at last we pull up at the "WHEATSHEAF HOTEL," though, perhaps, the long drive has whetted our appetites sufficiently to be quite ready to exchange, for a time, the coach for the dining-room. After lunch, a stroll should be taken through the Hotel grounds to VIRGINIA WATER, which itself is a charming piece of ornamental water

surrounded by pine woods, and was always a very favourite fishing resort of Royalty. It was formed in 1746 by the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, and has ever since been a noted picnic resort.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50 Strand, W.C., price 6d.

WINDSOR AND LONDON.

THE "VENTURE" coach leaves the HOTEL METROPOLE, London, DAILY (Sundays included), at 10.30 A.M., for the CASTLE HOTEL, WINDSOR, *viâ* PUTNEY, KINGSTON, HAMPTON COURT, SUNBURY, and STAINES. Returning at 3.40 P.M., and arriving at 6.40 P.M.

Distance, 30 miles.

Proprietor and Coachman—ARTHUR FOWNES.

Guard—A. NEWMAN.

TIME TABLE.

Times.	*Leaving—*	*Fares.* s.	d.
10.30	Hôtel Métropole.		
11.15	*Kingston Vale	2	6
11.55	*Hampton Court, "King's Arms" .	5	0
12.10	*Sunbury, "Prince Albert" . .	6	6
1. 0	*Staines, "Angel"	7	6
1.40	Windsor, "The Castle" . . .	10	0
	Returning from—		
3.40	Windsor, "The Castle."		
4.20	*Staines, "Angel"	2	6
4.50	*Sunbury, "Prince Albert" . .	4	0
5.15	*Hampton Court, "King's Arms" .	5	0
5.45	*Kingston Vale	7	6
6.40	Hôtel Métropole . . .	10	0

*Change Horses here.

Windsor and Back, 17s. 6d. Box Seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

Seats can be booked in advance at the "Hôtel Métropole," or at the "Castle Hotel," Windsor.

LIKE the "Vivid," the "Venture" coach belongs to Mr. Arthur Fownes, the second son of Mr. Edwin Fownes, whose prowess on the box has long since made the name famous in the coaching world. It was the success which attended the "Vivid" coach when it was first put on the road that induced Mr. Fownes to try a second experiment, and accordingly, in the spring of 1889, he determined to see what a longer journey would do, for several of his subscribers found the drive to Hampton Court all too short; and so, in obedience to their demands, the "Venture" was started to Windsor, the road having then been coachless since 1886, when Mr. Stewart Freeman ran a coach from March 31st to August 28th, and carried some 800 passengers.

The Windsor road is perhaps one of the most historical and generally interesting of the many already alluded to, while another great charm is found in the beautiful scenery through which it leads. It would, indeed, be hard to find a fairer spot than Runnymede, with its river boundary on one side and Cooper's Hill on the other, while the Royal borough itself must be of especial interest to visitors, even were it not so charmingly situated on the Thames as it is and so near to the famous Eton College. So it will be seen that the "Venture" travels a road second to none in point of beauty and historic interest—both of which features must of necessity prove a great attraction, alike both to the weary traveller in search of rest and change of air, or to the pleasure-seeking visitor, ever on the lookout

for something fresh and pastures new. Amongst the chief supporters of the "Venture" since its start may be mentioned Mr. F. Meredith, who, after driving it for several years, started a coach of his own between Folkestone and Canterbury; and visitors who would enjoy a lovely drive from the fashionable seaside resort should not forget to pop down somewhere about July or August and book seats on the "Meteor;" while, should they feel so disposed, they can continue the journey on to Margate by the "Champion," owned by Mr. H. L. Beckett (of "Old Times" renown). The two coaches meet at Canterbury, and frequently change passengers before returning to their destinations. Another of Mr. Fownes' chief supporters is Mr. A. Curnick, who is still to be frequently seen on the box. Mr. W. C. Chapman, Captain Ferguson, Mr. Westonholtz, and others have also been connected with this coach, and have had their regular days for driving.

On leaving the Hôtel Métropole the "Venture" follows the usual road, *viâ* PICCADILLY and FULHAM, to PUTNEY, and thence to WIMBLEDON COMMON, which, apart from being the former meeting-place of the National Rifle Association, has other and more ancient warlike associations. As WIBBANDUN it figures in Anglo-Saxon history as the scene of a great victory by Ceawlin, King of Wessex, over Ethelbert, King of Kent. There are still traces of earthworks, popularly known as CÆSAR'S CAMP, although in all probability the great Roman Emperor knew very little about it. Turning away to the right here, the coach descends the hill into Kingston Vale, where, at a farm-house on the left, the first change of horses is made.

On the right hand is RICHMOND PARK. The name of Richmond was bestowed by Henry VII., who gave his ducal title to the village of Sheen (see Hampton Court coach); but it was Charles I. who formed Richmond Park, and the walls which surround it are close upon eight miles in length—the enclosure being in all 2,015 acres. In the Park are some 1,500 deer besides numberless rabbits and hares. Following the main road from here to Kingston (see Guildford coach) the "Venture" now crosses the river for the second time, and it re-enters the county of Middlesex at HAMPTON WICK. A charming view of the Thames is obtained from the bridge on either side. Looking up towards Surbiton, it will be seen that the river bends right away round the stately HOME PARK of HAMPTON COURT PALACE to Hampton, where the coach again touches it; the road, however, goes pretty straight between "The Walls" (as the boundaries of the Home Park and Bushey Park are called). Here, on either side, are the ROYAL PADDOCKS, wherein Her Majesty breeds and rears her celebrated thoroughbred yearlings and holds the famous stud sale. The walls continue to the village of Hampton Court, where, at the "King's Arms" Hotel, the next team is in readiness. The gates on the right are those through which the "Vivid" coach will emerge a little later. A good view can be obtained here of the famous CHESTNUT AVENUE and the Diana Pond.

On resuming the journey the coach passes HAMPTON COURT GREEN, nearly to the foot of Hampton Court Bridge and opposite to the western gates of the Palace; then, turning short to the right, it enters a charming shady road which runs parallel to the river. The artistic

Swiss châlet on the left is the boathouse, &c., of Mr. O'Hagan, who is also the owner of the magnificent Grantully Castle houseboat. On the right are still the walls of Bushey Park, which extend to the village of HAMPTON, or 'Appy 'Ampton as it is usually called; but before reaching this the road opens on to the river, and the first object that meets the eye is TAGG'S ISLAND, on which stands the hotel, surrounded as it is by quite a fleet of rowing, sailing, and steam boats, to say nothing of the picturesque houseboats which abound in the many sheltered nooks between the island and the road. On the Surrey bank is the HURST PARK RACECOURSE. Very shortly after leaving Hampton the splendid racecourse of KEMPTON PARK is reached, and a capital view of its entire extent is obtained from the roof-seat of a coach. From here it is but a stone's throw to Sunbury, where the next halt is made at the "Prince Albert."

From Sunbury to Staines is a very short stage, and perhaps the least interesting of any; the extraordinary RABBIT WARREN on the left of the road being the chief feature of this part of the drive. It takes but half-an-hour to rattle these few miles off, and at 1.0 the coach pulls up at the "Angel" Hotel, STAINES, for the final change of horses.

Staines, which is one of the most favoured riverside towns, is exceedingly prettily situated, and a lovely view of the river is obtained from the bridge over which the coach goes—once more entering the county of Surrey. Following the bank of the Thames, we now reach old EGHAM RACECOURSE, which lies to the left of the road, snugly ensconced under the lofty COOPER'S HILL,

From Photographs by Ball, 17 *Regent Street, W.*

of which mention has already been made. To the right the river winds through some lovely bits of wooded country to the famous MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND, where King John is supposed to have signed the famous deed from which it takes its name. On the left is RUNNYMEDE, which really formed a portion of the Egham course. Crossing the boundary, we now enter the county of Berkshire, and are rapidly nearing the end of our journey. Passing the BELLS OF OUZELEY, the road turns off to the left, and the last peep of the Thames is taken, the river winding away to the right past Old Windsor and Datchet, while we make direct for WINDSOR GREAT PARK, one of the most beautiful and extensive in England. The LONG WALK is a splendid grassy avenue, and here, on the left hand, is to be seen a very fine piece of statuary. A few minutes more and we enter the old-fashioned streets of the royal borough, which take us right up to the gates of WINDSOR CASTLE, and, turning short to the left, we pull up at the CASTLE HOTEL, our journey's end. Two hours are allowed here before the start for home is made, which gives ample time to discuss a very excellent coaching lunch, which is provided at the Hotel, before taking a ramble over such portions of the Castle as are thrown open to the public. Thursdays and Fridays are the best days on which to visit the Castle, provided the Royal Family are absent, which is frequently the case. The visiting hours are from 11 A.M. till 4 P.M. Windsor affords several pleasant excursions, notably to Maidenhead, Ascot, or Cookham, while the drive from the Royal Borough to Virginia Water (about six miles) is one of the prettiest in the neighbourhood. Those who have

not the time or inclination to prolong their visit, should take a stroll through the old town to the river, which lies at the lower end, or take a drive over to Eton, which is only just across the river. Here is situated the famous Eton College, and during the middle of the day the high street is generally thronged with the youngsters who are fortunate enough to belong to this aristocratic and highly favoured school. Just beyond the buildings are the racquet courts and cricket field, both of which are largely patronised by the lads during playtime, and which are in themselves quite one of the sights of the place.

N.B.—For current Coaching News read THE ROAD, published monthly, 50 Strand, W.C., price 6d.

THE "OLD TIMES" COACH SONG.

COMPOSED BY W. GODDEN.

AIR—"*The Meynell Hunt.*"

If you'll listen to me I'm sure you'll agree that coaching's no thing of the past;
We've good sportsmen still, and go coaching they will, with teams well appointed and fast.
So here's a right hearty cheer ho! to our teams and the pace they can go,
Here's to the sportsman who tools 'em along and here's to the horn we can blow.
So here's, &c.

Hark the notes from the horn on a bright summer's morn, as the coach sidles up to the door;
'Tis the famous "Old Times," of Brighton renown, not a minute behind or before.
See our coachman how neatly he sits, see our four little blood-looking tits,
They make a good show, for they step and they go, all trotting right up to their bits.
So here's, &c.

Now, gents, look alive, see it's ten forty-five, Mr. Beckett will tool us to Sheen,
With Broadwood and Dixon, good sportsmen all round, while Davidson, too, can be seen.
Mr. Wickens is there, by the way, with McAdam, all smiling and gay,
Two Goodbuns and Harveyson finish our load, as the guard gives the word, "Right away!"
So here's, &c.

At the "Greyhound Hotel," to all sportsmen known well,
we pull up for a minute or so,
Then again on our way, with a cheery "Good day!" to
all whom we happen to know.
See the ladies in dresses so white, near Strawberry Hill
on the right,
At the window they stand, each waving a hand, until we
are far out of sight.
So here's, &c.

Through Bushey Park Gate we're going at the rate of ten
miles an hour or more,
Then we do the straight mile, Dickey tooling in style,
right up to the "King's Arms" door.
There's good-natured Nellie and Flo, kind greetings as
usual bestow,
While none of us fail to shake hands, with good ale, ere
again on our journey we go.
So here's, &c.

Now Wickens will drive, and soon we arrive at Walton,
and change at the "Bear,"
Then Broadwood goes on with a team that go strong, but
it seems at the game he's all there.
Through Oatlands we gallop like fun, into Weybridge we
go with a run,
Then in old Chertsey town we pull up at the "Crown,"
and our change in two minutes is done.
So here's, &c.

Hear the old yard of tin, how it makes the woods ring,
as Davidson rattles along,
We pull up at the door of the "Wheatsheaf" once more,
at luncheon we go well and strong.
All partake of the very best wines, the toast is "Success
to Old Times,"
Then again homeward bound, at the "Vic." 'twill be
found, we have landed as punctual as chimes.
So here's, &c.

THE "COMET" COACH.

(NEW SONG.)

WRITTEN BY STANLEY CAVE.

'Tis said that old customs are fading away,
One and all they will soon disappear!
They tell us that Coaching is doomed to decay,
But you must not believe all you hear!
Though we live in the heyday of steam and the rail,
On the highway we still see Her Majesty's Mail;*
And the "Comet" still runs every day without fail,
So you must not believe all you hear!

CHORUS.

With a rattling good Team and of Coachmen the Cream,
And a Musical Guard in the rear;
We will show those who whine about Coaching's decline,
That they must not believe all they hear.

'Tis said that good horses are not to be found;
That old England no longer can rear
The out-and-out Stagers that used to abound—
But you must not believe all you hear!
If you take on the Box of the "Comet" a trip,
And observe how the Leaders will make the road slip,
You will own by the time you get down at the "Ship,"
That you must not believe all you hear!

Chorus.

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* Referring to Her Majesty's *Parcel Mail Coaches* now running from London to Prighton, Oxford, Ipswich, &c., travelling by night.

They say that compared with the drivers of old,
Modern coachmen are very small beer;
And our Coaches are only mere toys, we are told,
But you must not believe all you hear!
For the Coaches to-day are the best ever run,
And our Knights of the Ribbons were never outdone,
While our Guards are content to play second to none,
So you must not believe all you hear!

Chorus.

'Tis said that at Slaugham the hill is so steep
That it slackens the "Comet's" career
From a trot to a walk, and at last to a creep,
But you must not believe all you hear!
Our Team with a leader we soon reinforce,
While the Guard mounts the pigskin and rides a cockhorse,
And at a steady good pace we continue our course;
So you must not believe all you hear!

Chorus.

For safety and comfort the "Comet" they say
Is a coach that has scarcely a peer,
Just prove it yourself, as you can any day,
And in this case believe what you hear!
And if ever your friends the worn subject should broach
That old customs are fading, then mildly reproach
And observe, as you point to the smart Brighton Coach,
That you must not believe all you hear!

Chorus.